FABLES
IN
VERSE.

By T. MOZEEN.

VOLUME II.

Nunc fabularum cur sit inventum genus,
Brevi docebo — Servitus obnoxia,
Quia quæ volebat non audebat dicere
Affectus proprios in fabellas transtulit,
Calumniamque fictis elusit jocis.
PHÆDRUS *ad* EUTYCHUM. Lib. III.

In a few Words I now propose
To point from whence THE FABLE *rose;*
As Servitude was all along
Expos'd to most oppressive Wrong,
The Suff'rer therefore did not dare,
His Heart's true Dictates to declare,
But couch'd his Meaning in the Veil
Of many an allegoric Tale,
And jesting with a moral Aim,
Eluded all Offence and Blame.
SMART's *Phædrus*, P. 83.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

FABLE XXXII.

The FOX *and* SPANIEL.

ROVER hath ev'ry ſhining part,
That ever grac'd a canine breaſt;
His fondneſs wins each ſtranger heart,
Fidelity ſecures the gueſt.

Not hunger's ſharpeſt pang can force
Of honeſt pride the ſmalleſt breach;
Safely may ſtand the neat diſh'd courſe,
Before the fire, within his reach.

Not only ſo, but he protects,
Guards it from home and neighbour thieves,
Nor quits it till the cook directs,
And centry from his poſt relieves.

Tho' threats nor blows can force him turn
From path where maſter leads the way;
So true doth his affection burn,
Yet maſter bidding, he'll obey;

But ſtill with wiſtful eye looks back,
As tho' he fain wou'd fondly ſay,
Wherein am I remiſs, or ſlack,
That thus I'm rated home to day?

Of temper ſo profoundly good,
The children ride him all day long;
And he like hobby-horſe of wood,
Takes calmly every infant wrong.

They ſcratch, they pinch, they bite his ears,
They pull his tail, they prick his noſe;
All this, and ten times more he bears,
Nor e'en his teeth ſo much as ſhews.

I know not how we may expreſs
In brutes ſuch real excellence;
Than reaſon, ſure 'tis little leſs,
Inſtinct divine of providence;

Than reaſon leſs, ſaid I?—'tis more,
Alas! too wildly reaſon rules;
Whoſe boaſted ſubjects three in four,
Are bigots, ath'iſts, knaves and fools.

Yet *Rover*'s worth, (*Reviewers* like,)
Your envious whelps wou'd frequent ſcan;
Term him dull, frothy, and the like,
Companion nor for dog, or man.

Becauſe (tis true,) he ne'er was broke,
To fraudful tricks was ever blind;
Nor cou'd be brought deſigns to cloak,
'Gainſt birds or beaſts of any kind.

Rancour's black thoughts on no pretence
The heart of *Rover* e'er employ'd,
But gen'ral, fair benevolence
To all; what CHURCHILL was to LLOYD.—

—AURORA ſcarce had left her bed,
To deal the earth refreſhing breeze;
That ſweeps the drop from blue-bell's head,
And gently murmurs thro' the trees,

When *Rover* reconnoitring round
His maſter's rich extenſive farm,
A ſneaking *Fox* in cart-houſe found,
Who there had hid, no doubt for harm.

Small hopes had *Reynard* for eſcape,
Of ſtrength, inferior to his foe;
Unleſs ſome lye he quick might ſhape,
To deprecate the threatn'd blow.——

He lick'd his chops, he grinn'd, he bow'd,
With ſuch ſet hypocritic face
As *Quacks* put on to gull the crowd,
Or *Methodiſts* diſtribute grace.——

" Regard me not, ſaid he, this day,
With eye of fierceneſs and diſdain;
Our kind will come no more for prey;
No more by them a chick be ſlain.——

From the great kings of birds and beaſts,
Ambaſſador you ſee me here;
I bring their royal joint beheſts
To Gander's grace, and Chanticlear.

Between the wing'd and four feet race
  Peace is confirm'd to ev'ry nation,
O'er the wide globe's extended face,
  And *Foxes* bear the proclamation."——

—" Go tell thy tales to ſimpler tools,
  I ſnap not at abſurd belief,
The *Dog* replied;—kings muſt be fools,
  That in an envoy ſend a thief;

One bred to rapine, fraud and tricks,
  That ſuck'd in falſhood from the teat;
With whom no honeſt beaſt will mix,
  Who knows on worth what price to ſet.

Happy to meet me was your lot;
  For ſpite of all your fair pretence,
Had *Ball* thee thus in limbo got,
  He'd ſoon have maul'd your excellence.

But I, inclin'd to mercy ſtill,
  Suppoſe the worſt may yet prove good,
So only in defence wou'd ſpill
  A drop of fellow creature's blood.

Away,—and if thou can'ſt, amend
  A life all wicked, and profane;
If not, ne'er tempt thy preſent friend,
  He may not prove ſo mild again."

APPLI-

APPLICATION.

Howe'er atrocious mankind may have been,
Juſtice ſhou'd ſtill take mercy for her guide;
If the leaſt room for pardon can be ſeen,
Shou'd ever lean to the indulgent ſide.

Say, can idea match the glorious form,
Of him preſiding o'er yon judgment ſeat;
Whom courts beſt gales, nor courts ſevereſt ſtorms,
Shall e'er from truth, once influenc'd, to retreat.

Such is the judge whom leaſt men need to fear,
The good, the great, the loyal, and the ſound;
Not harſh, tho' juſt,—tho' awful, not ſevere,
Where'er fidelity, is ſweetneſs found.

Oft wou'd his nature ſave, where law denies,
More than the culprit feels he than the rod;
O'er long retarded ſentence, inly ſighs,
And tears proclaim the attribute of God.

Yes,---crimes conſtrain'd to puniſh, ſee he weeps;
Is there a ſpotleſs human heart, 'tis that;
~~*Land*~~ *him* Britannia! *and when juſtice ſleeps,*
Wake her with echoes, to the name of PRATT.

Laud!

FABLE XXXIII.

The BOY *and* BEE.

THE morn had chas'd each magic ſpell,
The morn, that loaths unnat'ral deeds;
The earlieſt dews of *April* fell,
Chilling as yet, o'er cowſlip meads.—

TOM crept to ſchool, with juſt ſuch pace
As *French* and *Spaniſh* troops advance,
When 'gainſt their wills they're led to face
Britons, the dread of *Spain* and *France*.

He cull'd the violets blue and white,
Wild thyme, and daizies ting'd with red,
Fair lady-ſmocks, the lad's delight,
The butter-flower, and piſs-o'bed,

With all that wondrous carping care
Men uſe to take in ſcraping treaſure;
TOM ſeem'd to ſtrip the paſture bare,
And load himſelf quite out of meaſure.

With us grown babies 'tis e'en ſo,
We teize, toil, moil, and ſweat for ſtuff
We uſe not, but to boaſt and ſhew,
Yet never think we graſp enough.—

Certain

Certain ſometimes we find a man,
Of both capacity and heart;
Who never built on miſer's plan,
Or grudg'd of wealth, to worth a part.

One, who deſpiſes all that's mean,
Who loves the honeſt and the free,
Whoſe ſoul in every action's ſeen,
The friend of truth, and liberty—

Who merits all he gets, and more;
One ſuch I know; O with what glee
Wou'd I enumerate a ſcore!
I can't——but ROSOMAN is he.

—Within a budding primroſe bed,
Half froze an humble *Bee* was laid;
So ſhrunk, ſo helpleſs, and ſo dead,
It ſcarce wou'd have alarm'd a maid.—

Caught by its gaudy tints, the *Boy*
The *Inſect* ſnatch'd with greedy haſte;
In chriſtmas-box ſecur'd his toy,
And on to ſchool with rapture paſt.

Soon as approach'd the happy hour,
Of relaxation from his book;
Home like a grey-hound did he ſcour,
And overjoy'd, cry'd, "mammy look!—

See what a pretty thing I've found;
But, ah, alas! I fear 'tis dead;
I pick'd it up in our home ground;
Oh! 'tis alive; it moves its head!

Give it ſome ſugar, mammy, do;
(Poor thing! 'tis hungry, I am ſure:)
Who knows but we may keep it ſo,
And if we can, it will be pure."

So ſaying, he the creature drew
From durance, by its ſilken wing;
Who ſtraitway to his boſom flew,
And deeply did inject its ſting.

The angry parent ſeiz'd the *Bee*,
And ſtamping it beneath her feet,
" Die, cruel reptile; die, ſaid ſhe,
May all ingrates ſuch vengeance meet.

For thee—learn hence too heedleſs child,
To chuſe 'mongſt unacquainted things,
The glitt'ring, gay, the ſoft, the mild,
Wear ever the ſevereſt ſtings."

APPLICATION.

The objects of your favors well regard,
Leſt if promiſcuouſly you deal 'em round,
Ingratitude be all the reap'd reward,
For ſeeds of pity ſown on flinty ground.

True lib'ral acts deſerve indeed applauſe,
But when by jilts, or villains we're trapann'd,
To ſay our own good nature was the cauſe,
Tells badly by the tongue of reaſon ſcann'd.

The rigid world, us fools or madmen deem,
Favors at random heaping on mankind;
The greateſt poltroon the reverſe may ſeem,
Judge from long eſſay'd merits of the mind.

FABLE XXXIV.

The RAT.

SAFE from the eye of man or beaſt,
As ſnug and clever as you pleaſe,
Perch'd on his rump, upon a cheſt,
A *Rat* ſat nibbing mouldy cheeſe.

"I've eat, ſaid he, a hearty meal,
It may be of an ounce or ſo;
Judge me all hearts, but hearts of ſteel,
Am I not wrong'd as matters go?

I'll ſay no more than what I know,
And will abide by with my life;
Each night when they to bed do go,
The much wrong'd maſter and his wife,

Then enter pantry JOHN and SUE,
And on the very beſt regale;
Of butcher's meat, and poultry too,
And waſh 'em down with *Burton* ale.

Then

Then cram they cuſtard, ſlum'ry tarts,
With philberts, pippins, butter, cheeſe;
Like fat churchwardens play their parts,
When bucks of baſe-born babes they eaſe.

With many a luſcious morſel, *Tray*
Is brib'd, leſt out of time he bark;
And *Tib* is fed both night and day,
To keep ſuch matters in the dark.

Thus JOHN and SUE, and *Tray* and *Tib*,
Deſtroy more vict'als in an hour,
Than twenty Rats, and tell no fib,
Cou'd well in three weeks time devour.

Yet ſafe they wanton, free from harm,
Lead a gay, merry, eaſy life;
With hypocritic junction charm,
And cut as keen as *Jewiſh* knife.

But if poor *Rat* thro' want compell'd
With hungry paunch the ſhelf ſurveys,
Short is his date, he's ſoon expell'd,
His death contriv'd a thouſand ways.

Cat, poiſon, trap, dog, man and maid,
Are all employ'd to deal our fate;
Sure juſtly juſtice we upbraid,
When we th' unequal tale relate.

No doubt but if the Squire once knew,
What thieves at his expence grow fat,
He'd clear it of a ſcoundrel crew:
O' were I man inſtead of *Rat*!——

Yet as it is, ſome method may
Perhaps be on reflection found;
That ſhall their raſcal ſteps betray,
And reaſon for diſmiſſion ground.

Tho' blind at preſent to deceit,
Our maſter mayn't be always ſo;
And if he once detect the cheat,
Their reign muſt feel an overthrow."—

—*Puſs*, who had all this while demure,
Hard by like ſtate informer ſat;
Jump'd forth, and made her prey ſecure:
Then ſir, quoth ſhe, " you're good at that!

Between our patron and his friends,
Vile wretch, thou wou'dſt diſturbance make,
But never ſhalt thou gain thy ends;
Such evidence he would not take.

Know our alliance much too ſtrong,
Too weak of intellects is he,
For us to dread thy ſaucy throng,
Though much more potent than they be.

In what I act, but tit for tat,
Had you the pow'r, you'd ruin me;
And *vice verſa*, maſter *Rat*,
As I've the power I'll ſlaughter thee."

APPLICATION.

Men might with reaſon argue as the Rat,
Since too irregularly juſtice reigns;
The thief was hang'd who ſnatch'd a paltry hat,
Safe lives the greater, midſt extorted gains.

This robs unnotic'd a whole kingdom's ſtore,
That plunders you perhaps of half a crown,
Jack Ketch *takes care the laſt does ſo no more,*
The firſt ſnores careleſs on a bed of down.

And can't theſe things be rectify'd?—ah no!—
So have they been, ſays elders, from their youth;
By their forefathers, they unſearch'd did go,
Cuſtom had ſtamp'd them with the mark of truth.

FABLE XXXV.

The WASP *and* SPARROW.

LIKE poor mechanic's bantling wild,
Or booby Squire's booby firſt;
Or maid of honour's baſtard child,
Pert *Dick* was humour'd and accurſt.

My fav'rite's fav'rite reign'd the bird;
To none ſave *Dick*, MARIA kind;
Of ſighing crowds, not one preferr'd,
To all, except her *Sparrow* blind.—

Where'er

Where'er he hopp'd he rul'd the roaſt,
As all your fav'rites uſe to do;
Places by him were got or loſt
His word was law and goſpel too.

Of parents low, of temper vain,
Ill manner'd, cruel and unwiſe;
Fond to give ev'ry creature pain,
But chief tormentor of the flies.

Perch'd on her finger now he play'd,
Then *India* weeds infuſion ſipt;
Then wou'd ſhe kiſs him, charming maid,
The world,—the world, to be ſo lip't!—

Sometimes he wanton'd 'mongſt her hair,
Her artleſs ringlets, raven hu'd;
Couch'd on her cheſt, all lovely, bare,
To none but him and SUSAN ſhew'd.—

Neſtl'd betwixt her riſing breaſts,
Soft as Dutch wax, to him alone;
But aptly call'd by am'rous gueſts,
The fine vein'd hills of Parian ſtone.

One morn as fair MARIA ſat
At toilette, reading billet doux,
Or elſe with SUKEY holding chat,
Of this, and that, and 'tother news.—

Of city, court, and country tricks;
His grace's death, and CHURCHILL's times;
Informers,——forty five, and ſix
WILKES, op'ras, ſermons, pantomimes.—

Of ſome ſuppos'd to guide the ſtate,
(Where faith and troth I envy no man,)
Of ſmugglers found amongſt the great,
Of men, and their eſſays on woman.

When JOHN the gard'ner tapt at door,
Preſenting nect'rines, grapes, and peaches;
Finer had ne'er been ſeen before
Since EVE and ADAM made 'em breeches.

Theſe, as the lady cull'd with care,
To chuſe the ripeſt for her bird,
The taſter gen'ral of her fare,
Who firſt was ſeen, and firſt was heard.

A *Waſp* that lay conceal'd in peach,
Forth from his luſcious cavern flew;
Whom, e'er he cou'd the window reach,
Dick like a valiant *Sparrow* flew.

Yet from his death had nought to boaſt,
Transfix'd in's throat he wore the ſting,
Waſps, give not up like flies the ghoſt,
The feather'd victor dropt his wing.

His eyes, his heart convulſive grew,
MARIA hurl'd the fruit aſide;
All pale to his aſſiſtance flew,
With tenderneſs of new made bride.—

She preſt him 'tween her lovely hands,
And ſought to chear, with roſy breath;
Tears fell, that had unloos'd the bands,
Of any tyrant leſs than death.

But once he gripes, alas! in vain
And feeble every human aid;
'Tis SCHOMBERG's to alleviate pain,
But not to ſtop the fleeting ſhade.

Now on her lap he gaſping lay,
His claws contract, his legs, his thighs;
He ſtruggles, with declining day,
And on her balmy boſom dies.

APPLICATION.

Fav'rites a while may bear deſpotic ſway,
And rule o'er quiet realms with tyrant rod,
Cringe, fawn and lye, ſwear, perjure and betray,
Nor fear the bolts of an avenging God.——

Them and their tools by dirty av'rice led,
May honour, juſtice, law and truth defy;
By foul corruption may diſtain the bed,
Where judgment, right and virtue wont to lie.

But oft we've ſeen when fools too far encroach
(As every vicious man's a fool in fact)
Leiu of reſpect, they meet the juſt reproach,
And ſome home curſe rewards each flagrant act.

On creatures only infamouſly mean,
Fit for their uſe, ſhou'd worthleſs fav'rites prey,
Whoſe hearts are train'd to ſhift with ev'ry ſcene,
And rout thro' any ſort of filth for pay.

But

But when the great, the honeſt, and the brave,
Such things inſult with baſe inſidious arts,
Kingdoms have roſe, their worthieſt ſons to ſave,
And ſharp reſentment ſtung the villains hearts.

FABLE XXXVI.

The SPANIEL *and* POINTER.

'MONGST thoſe who condeſcend to wear
What coats their maſters pleaſe to give;
Of few philoſophers we hear;
They eat and drink, and ſleep and live.

And wherefore, ſay they, ſhou'd we not?
What call to ſtudy good or evil?
Religion's for mechanic ſot,
A wit believes nor God nor Devil.

'Tis not for us to contradict
By any kind of means our betters;
Except, when out of vails we'er nick'd
Or play-houſe ſquabbles—not in letters.——

And this premis'd, I cannot ſee,
In hum'ring inclination, ſhame;
Why not indulge each taſte with glee?
Why not lye, ſwear, whore, drink and game?

On

On this vile principle had SAM,
Been tutor'd e'er three months in town,
He held all duty as a ſham,
His cottage ſire, a put, a clown.—

He ſold or pawn'd entruſted things,
He turn'd up noſe at ſimple diets;
He criticis'd on op'ra kings,
And *Ranelagh* confus'd with riots.

So trim, ſo qualify'd, ſo ſmart,
To *Drury* SAM was ſent for places;
For POWELL in pathetic part,
Reigns much a favorite with their graces.

But whilſt at HIGGINSON'S he ſtaid,
To play a game at fives, or ſo,
Some one of *Fop*, a ſeizure made,
Her grace's lap-dog, you muſt know.

A handſome *Spaniel*, downright black,
But good for neither ſcent or ſpeed;
Worthleſs as any of the pack
From whence he ſprung, King CHARLES'S breed.

A Higler pick'd him up, it ſeems,
And gave him to his landlord's ſon;
A youth, averſe to learning's themes,
But deeply red in dog and gun.

Fop was receiv'd with welcome good,
Yet not the leaſt of courtly guiſe;
Well is it known and underſtood,
True ſportſmen look with diff'rent eyes.

'Tis not becauſe a whelp inherits,
Beauty ſuperior to the herd;
But from his ſtaunch, and well try'd merits,
That by the country he's preferr'd.

Deliver'd over to the groom,
And underneath the manger ty'd,
Inſtead of lofty ſtucco'd room,
And Sofa by the fire ſide.

He ſet up ſuch a hid'ous yell,
As wak'd the other dogs around;
" Quoth *Punto*, all the devils in hell
Your curſed throat, you cur, confound!

I know you mongrel by your yelp,
Some puppy fed from dainty cates,
That ſhou'd have fil'd a worthier whelp,
Whom merit doom'd to lick the plates.

Of all our ſpecies the diſgrace,
Deny it, ſirrah, if you can;
What dog wears ſuch a fawning face?
What dog ſo much reſembles man?

Such men I only mean, who think
That for themſelves they breathe alone;
Careleſs how public meaſures ſink,
And ſmile amidſt a nation's groan.

On other's ruin build their riſe,
Stride over principles to pow'r;
Digeſt adult'ry, fraud and lyes,
And right and innocence devour!

Thy

Thy ſleek comb'd ſkin, and collar tell,
Join'd with that ſaucy pimping ſneer,
Thoſe ſcenes of vice, thou'ſt known too well,
But how (a plague on't) came you here?"

—Sirrah, quoth *Fop* I'd have you know,
Tho' ſtar malevolently bent,
A while compel me undergo
This vile accurſed baniſhment.

Soon ſhall the ſlave be brought to ſhame,
Who ſtole me from the verge of court;
I to my duke reſtor'd, and fame,
A dog of royal *Charles*'s ſort."

Punto reply'd, " I needs muſt own
That I have heard of ſuch a kind;
But pedigree won't do alone,
Pretenders here no favor find."—

The morning came, from ev'ry tree
The lovely morn the birds re-hail;
The whiſtling hind, with honeſt glee,
Or holds the plough, or whirls the flail.

Of covey that he laſt night found,
With earlieſt haſte Hodge reach'd the ſquire's
Touch'd the eighth part of ſterling pound,
And with a *Sunday* ſcrape retires.

Loos'd were the dogs,—amongſt e'm *Fop*,
Whoſe coward heart went pit-a-pat;
Ready at firſt diſcharge to drop,
Nor cou'd deviſe what they were at.

He introduc'd the arts of town,
  He friſk'd, and lick'd his maſter o'er;
Who, for his fawning knock'd him down,
  That never felt a blow before.—

The birds were found, the pointers ſtand,
  Fop, thinking to redeem his fame,
Burſts thro' the bounds of all command,
  Springs, and affrights away the game.

Schemes, oft intentionally good,
  Miſconſtru'd are to ſchemers hurt;
So hap't it now, the *Spaniel's* blood,
  Expung'd his fault;—they ſhot him for't.

Gaſping, he this reflection made,
  "What's birth without deſert,—a feather
May grace a royal cavalcade,
  But nothing, when they're weigh'd together."

APPLICATION.

What ſay the annals of the ſage Chineſe,
  Merit ſeeks no emblazoning from birth;
That their firſt choice, in poſts of all degrees,
  Aptly they deem all brethren of the earth.

Arouſe ye nations! take example thence,
  Suffer not knaves t'engroſs unbounded pow'r,
Nor fools to ſit in ſeats of baniſh'd ſenſe,
  Nor infamy to ſcreen their frauds an hour.

Juſtly

Juſtly, ſaid reverend SOUTH, *where virtue's not,*
The human fabrick ſtands on feeble prop,
Title on vice reflects a blacker blot,
A worthleſs ſcum, that riſes to the top.

FABLE XXXVII.

The LEOPARD *and* TYGER.

A *Leopard* long the Lion ſerv'd,
In ev'ry act of good and grace;
From loyalty had never ſwerv'd,
Or never worn a double face.

His brow, the index of his heart,
Beſpoke each ſenſe abiding there;
He ſcorn'd the baſe ignoble part,
And virtue held ſupremely dear.

The worthy creature all ador'd,
So mild, ſo gen'rous, brave and wiſe;
He might have reign'd the ſylvan lord,
Had he not loath'd the rebel guiſe.

Sickneſs in age, at length bereft,
The woodland kingdoms of a breaſt,
Who dying, few his equals left,
As patterns to the mourning reſt.

His *Son*, a youth of gentle mould,
Supply'd his honour'd father's place,
Too honeſt to be bought and ſold,
Too noble to demean his race.

Folk may not credit what I ſay,
But on a ſtrict ſurvey they'll find
The management of brutal ſway,
Savours of that of human kind.

For all the world ſuch airs and graces,
Such grinning, howling, carping, craving,
Such creeping, cringing, ſneering, faces,
To get a morſel worth the having.

Howe'er, no longer to digreſs,
With pleaſure, and with eaſe awhile
Our *Leopard* did his ſtate poſſeſs,
And each eye met him with a ſmile.

Next to the Lion's royal ſelf,
The helm an upright Panther ſteer'd;
Who hated pride, and filth, and pelf,
By gen'rous animals rever'd.——

As calm as night, as bright as day,
He thought and did for gen'ral bliſs;
No ſingle vice did he betray,
E'en every excellence was his.——

Juſtice was then to all diffus'd,
The meaneſt brute's complaint was heard;
No lyes the credulous abus'd,
When worth requeſted, 'twas preferr'd;

With ſound integrity he wore
A ſpotleſs heart, an equal brow,
A mind regardful of the poor,
Contemptuous of the high-lif'd low.

Such as he was, to freedom true,
Of keen inſpection through the ſtate;
Wonder not envy's arrows flew,
When miſs they the deſerving great?—

Soon vice and folly ſpread their paws,
And ſneaking mercenary views,
Gave free-born foreſters their laws,
And inch by inch their rights they loſe.

Then, prudent beaſts began to move
With ardent and diffuſive zeal;
Juſtice, and univerſal love,
To ſave their king and commonweal.—

Yet did ſuch obſtinacy reign,
The plaineſt truths cou'd not avail;
The Panther finding counſel vain,
Moſt humbly on the den turn'd tail.——

Then topſy-turvy all things rowl'd;
The honeſt ſteed was firſt diſgrac'd;
The Wolf came in,—the Maſtiff growl'd,
The noble *Le'pard* was diſplac'd.—

Him, as he roam'd with muſing eye,
And heart with indignation vext,
His couſin *Tyger* paſſing by,
" Kinſman, quoth he, you ſeem perplex'd!—

Still to lament your parent's wrong,
Since well we know each mortal thing
Hath its fixed fate;—and juſt ſo long,
Shall bray the Aſs, and roar the King.

It may be love torments thy heart,
And thus thy face ſeverely ſhades;
If ſo—come, ſtep with me apart,
I'll ſhew ye to ſome wild cat maids;

Sportive as lambkins of the fold,
Sweet as the ſpicy breathing wind
Bright as yon ſun which we behold,
The tend'reſt of the ſavage kind——

Or probably 'tis want of meat,
That flags your youthful heart? if ſo,
With veniſon, beef or kid I'll treat,
If onward to my den you'll go.

Your upright father, well I knew,
Late the firm prop of foreſt laws;
For his lov'd ſake, I honour you;
Tell me your melancholy's cauſe?"——

" Remote the reaſons you have gueſt,
Reply'd the *Leopard*, from my ſoul;
Which yet I own is much depreſt,
A moment liſt, and hear the whole.

A wolf uſurps the reigns of pow'r—
The faithful Panther hath reſign'd;
Wolves and their whelps for places ſcour,
With vermin baſe of every kind.

Hyena's, Foxes, Bears, and Apes,
Racoons, Mules, Aſſes, Goats and Hogs
To court, each reptile vile eſcapes,
From woods, hills, valleys, dales and bogs.

Myſelf, the Horſe, and ſome few more,
For honeſt zeal untimely ſhewn;
Have with ungrateful ſurly roar,
Been baniſh'd from the lion's throne."—

"Joy, ſaid the *Tyger*, of your fall;
You merit the diſgrace you meet,
If *Leopard* will become Jackall,
And meanly lick a Lion's feet.

As opulent and great as he,
As fine a den, and more of friends;
Why ſhoud you fetter liberty,
To anſwer mean oppreſſion's ends?—

Let the poor things, whom late you nam'd,
Wait on him, cringe to, and adviſe;
Reptiles who record never fam'd,
For ought of brave, or good, or wiſe.

Woud'ſt thou contaminate thy blood
With abject beaſts, and quit thy friends?
No, be it known, and underſtood,
Leopards were form'd for nobler ends!"

APPLICATION.

Is there a court poſſeſt of any place,
From lacquey e'en to ruler of the ſtate,
Can bribe the fountain of eternal grace,
T'avert thoſe ills which on the perjur'd wait,

Poor muſt he be in thought, who'd wiſh to quit
Ever ſo ſmall an independent ſhare,
To wait on courts, unleſs with ſoul like PITT,
To take an orphan nation under care.

Their juſt prerogatives and rights to ſave,
At his own fortune's, and his health's expence;
By maxims guided, of the great and brave,
The partriot, chriſtian, and the man of ſenſe.

But when pride, av'rice, and preſumption clog
The wheels of juſtice, and the paths of right,
Happieſt is he, who freedom breathes incog,
His ſlumber ſweet, and bleſt his morning's light.

FABLE

FABLE XXXVIII.

The SWALLOW *and other* BIRDS.

THE ſurly winter's heard no more,
His ruffian blaſts no longer roar;
The boy may now his ſatchel hold,
Uncramp'd by morn or ev'ning's cold,
No more the milk-maid's noſe looks blue;
The iſicles are turn'd to dew;
And luſty *Roger* whiſtling now
Re-yokes his oxen to the plough,
Or ſings with truth and honeſt glee,
" I love *Sue*, and *Sue* loves me."——
As he turns up, his fellow ſwain
Purſues the plough, and ſtrews the grain,
From leafleſs twig of antient oak,
Thus 'twas a twitt'ring *Swallow* ſpoke,
And *Swallows* are ſagacious birds,
That ſeldom utter random words;

" Companions of the grove, ſaid ſhe,
What bleſſing equals liberty?

'Tis

'Tis all we have to wiſh, or boaſt,
And as we act, preſerv'd or loſt—
I ſwell with dire prophetic view,
That little ſeems t' actuate you,
Wrapt in ſoft blandiſhments and eaſe,
No eye its future danger ſees;
But all are jocund, blith and gay,
In ev'ry buſh, on ev'ry ſpray,
As tho' eternal joys ſhou'd chear,
And fix'd ſecurity reign'd here.
But ah! the date of joy is ſhort,
That hath not prudence for ſupport;
Attend me giddy, gay divan,
And learn to fruſtrate faithleſs man."——

Obedient to the hint profound,
A ſolemn ſtillneſs reigns around,
The Blackbird, Linnet, Lark, Thruſh, Dove,
And Sparrows too, forget to love;
To ſing forget the feather'd choir,
Huſh'd by their eager hopes;—on fire!—
E'en Jays and Magpies, (Lady-birds)
With ſilence wait the *Swallow*'s words,
Who, ſmiling on th' attentive band,
Proceeded to the cauſe in hand.——

"Behold yon fellow there, ſaid ſhe,
Strewing the bane of liberty!

That

That seeming trifling seed he sows,
Than all your complicated foes,
More danger bodes unto your race,
Unless destroy'd upon the place;
Thence is produc'd that hemp and flax,
Which thins us, num'rous as we wax,
When of it things call'd nets are made,
By which whole flocks at once betray'd,
Remain entangl'd, lost, undone,
Their freedom ne'er to be re-won;
But if ye true exertion shew,
Soon shall ye 'scape th'impending blow.—
From wood and grove, hill, dale and fen,
From tow'ring eagle to the wren,
On the fresh grain this instant drop,
And e'er it roots, prevent the crop."——

The speech receiv'd from all applause,
By all neglected was the cause;
Parties of pleasure still were made,
And like some folks I know in trade;
So long they doff'd the evil day,
And trifl'd so much time away,
The seed had taken proper root,
Without least molestation to't;
And now began apace to grow,
With strength'ning stem and rip'ning shew.

The *Swallow* with maternal pain,
Conven'd the warblers once again:
Her boſom heav'd with anxious ſighs,
In tears of paſſion ſwam her eyes.

" O had I not, ſaid ſhe, at heart
(Superior much to your deſert)
Your ſafety, I no more had ſaid,
But left you to the fate I dread;
Dull thick'ning clouds ye all may ſee,
Ready to burſt on liberty;
Nay,—not on liberty alone,
But what is life, when freedom's gone?—
O, had my firſt advice been ta'en,
Yon field a barren waſte had lain;
And not (as now) its fruit intrude,
Ripe ſigns of your ingratitude.—
And yet, my friends, 'tis not too late
Entirely to avert your fate;
Be ſpeedy, earneſt, and diſcreet,
Beſtir yourſelves with bills and feet,
And credit me, you ſoon ſhall find,
Your dangers vaniſh'd as the wind."—

She ſaid—with joy the ſenate roar,
Such eloquence, when heard before?
Such ſentiments, ſo ſtrong, ſo clear,
Heart ſo unbiaſs'd, ſo ſincere!——

Addreſs upon addreſs was ſent,
With high flown words, which little meant;
Made of ſuch brittle kind of text,
As prieſts preach one day, break the next:
For tho' each bluſter'd like a *Turk*,
None did a ſingle ſtroke of work.—

The *Swallow* picqu'd, with paſſion fraught,
The human habitations ſought;
Where, e'er ſhe many months had ſtay'd
The hemp was us'd, the nets were made;
Thouſands of birds fell ev'ry day,
Of men and boys the deſtin'd prey.—

" Alas poor feather'd commonweal,
Said ſhe, ye now ſeverely feel
The want of that felicity,
Which none can taſte except the free;
But wherefore pity croſs-grain'd elves,
Who wanting pity for themſelves,
Found'ring wou'd not be ſteer'd aright,
Till obſtinacy ſunk them quite!"—

APPLI-

APPLICATION.

Britannia may we never ſee
This fable verify'd in thee;
But ſtill whene'er attacks are made
In bareſac'd pride, or maſquerade,
On liberty; when inſults come,
Or from a giant, or a thumb,
Firm as a phalanx let us ſtand,
Againſt inſidious traytor's hand;
From Magna Charta *never flinch,*
Nor loſe prerogative an inch,
With zeal, our king and rights defend,
'Tis liberty's, the Briton's friend!

FABLE XXXIX.

The two BOARS.

A Mighty *Boar*, in queſt of food,
Had wander'd from his native wood;
And as he rov'd made bold to ſeize
Whate'er he found, as hunger's fees.

Now

Now fruſtrated the gard'ner's care,
The pride and profit of the year;
Paid not the leaſt regard to ſkill,
But turn'd up roots and flow'rs at will,
The choiceſt with the meaneſt laid,
(And not the leaſt diſtinction made)
In ruins fit for rubbiſh cart,
The ſight had broke a floriſt's heart!
Thence into neighb'ring farmers grounds,
He forc'd his way, thro' burſting bounds;
With clover ſweet regales his taſte,
And next, he lays the corn-fields waſte;
Anon, he from a tell-tale breeze,
Sniffs certain hints of rip'ning peaſe;
Away he trots, on dainties bent,
And, like churchwardens, by the ſcent,
Deſcry'd the feaſt, the gleeful ſight!
And ſtuff'd and guttled all the night.

Soon as the cock ſalutes the morn,
And tells the world, the day is born,
The village whifflers yap around,
The milkmaid ſings athwart the ground;
The ſwain unpens the bleating flock,
A thouſand diff'rent noiſes ſhock;
Like conſcious thief, away he hies,
Nor looks behind him as he flies;

He ſeeks the foreſt, to regain
His gloomy haunts, but ſeeks in vain;
The peaſants in revenge purſue,
To deal the ſavage brute his due;
The cry is up, and hundreds pour,
Men, boys, and dogs to kill the *Boar*.
By chance directed 'twas, he took
His courſe thro' a ſequeſtr'd nook,
Where, ne'er was op'd deſpair's black book,
Nor greatneſs ever deign'd to look;
Nor irkſome indolence;—but where
An honeſt, good, induſtrious pair,
Unpinch'd by woe, unknown to fame,
Nor pride of fortune, nor the game;
Replete with virtue, free from harm,
Had long poſſeſs'd a peaceful farm;
Of tempers, equal to a hair,
Where dwelt not rancour's ſmalleſt ſhare;
Still to each other's error's blind,
To ev'ry neighbour good and kind.——

Where principals are ſound and true,
Dependents oft are known ſo too.
In CHARLES the ſecond's giddy reign,
A monarch idle, looſe, and vain,
His fav'rites were compos'd of ſuch,
As ne'er knew ſcruple, check or grutch

At Ath'isms, blaſphemy, and bawdy,
Subjects that made their maſter gaudy;
But how reverſe our modern ſcene!
Heav'n bleſs the pious king and queen!—
Far from their hearts move all diſaſter,
And make each ſubject like his maſter;
What Halcyon days for *Britiſh* eyes,
When all are virtuous, great and wiſe!—

Within the farmer's yard did feed,
A *Boar-pig* of domeſtic breed,
Who from the gate perceiv'd the need,
Wherein his fainting brother ſtood,
His gruntling brother of the wood.
" Here, Sir, ſaid he, behold a breaſt,
That ne'er was barr'd to the diſtreſt;
Who meat, drink, ev'ry ſuccour gives,
A friend to ev'ry beaſt that lives.
Pleaſe you in yonder ſty repoſe,
I'll ſettle matters with your foes."
But as it hap't, no foes came there,
A diff'rent route the hunters ſteer.
And now blown o'er the threat'ning weather,
The *Swine* began to chat together;
" See (quoth the *tame one)* Sir, how good
My maſter is, what dainty food!
Of grains, and waſh prepar'd the beſt,
Peaſe, for myſelf, and every gueſt,

Water, as is the chryſtal clear,
Brought me freſh ev'ry morning here;
Obſerve how neat th' apartment's kept,
Twice every day 'tis duly ſwept;
None ſuffer'd to perplex or teize;
I lead but juſt the life I pleaſe;
E'en (as repeats the good old ſong)
Happy I live as day is long.——

Pardon my over freedom, Sir,
When I declare that I prefer,
A life ingloriouſly tame
To all the thorny crowns of fame;
And fain wou'd have you think the ſame.
As for my maſter, take no pain,
Whom I commend, he'll entertain."
" Sincereſt thanks good friend, are due,
For all civilities to you,
Return'd the *Savage*; but to ſay,
Fair truth, (which ever is my way)
Your coop'd-up life I'd not endure,
For all your maſter cou'd inſure;
Alas! I view in diff'rent light,
His many bragg'd of favors quite.
Your preſent minutes jocund feel,
But when the flaſh of butcher's ſteel

Re-

Reflects, your days, and nights of eaſe,
Your daintieſt waſh, your choiceſt peaſe,
You'll then perhaps remember me,
Who now aſſure you, to be free
Is all the bliſs that brutes can boaſt;
Under man's vaunted care we're loſt;
His love for us, a baſeleſs whim,
He pampers us, to pamper him;
Plague o'their cruel ſelfiſh ends,
I covet not two legged friends;
If you think diff'rent, you're miſtaken,
And *Chriſtmas* ſees you hang'd for bacon.

APPLICATION.

Unſkill'd in arts, how many men we ſee,
Daily trapann'd to loſs of liberty;
Hourly attacks are on that di'dem made;
Oh, may it ne'er be totally betray'd!
But, Hydra like, where one great head be loſt,
Another ſtart, and Locuſt ſchemes be croſt.
Beware electors of the venal treat,
When yon proud chaplain conſecrates the meat;
Who craves the bleſſing from protub'rant paunch,
Whoſe eyes ſkim heaven, and ſtick into the haunch;
Who ever heard him ſpeak till three good pounds,
(And ſure I am, I write in modeſt bounds)

Had made their way into his rev'rend maw,
Then gives you firſt the church—the prieſtly law.
Toaſt after toaſt, purſue each other next,
Each he explains, and clearer than his text.
Now circulates October, punch and port,
The king, the queen, majority, and court.—
But let no oily gownſman looſe the wards
Of ſacred freedom, of which you're the guards;
To Britain's Charter, *reſolutely juſt,*
Let nothing tempt ye to forego the truſt;
Think as ye gormandize of noble fare,
That ſomething checks, and cries as 'twere, BEWARE,
Beware of perjury! of places! gold!
Sell not yourſelves, and ye ſhall ne'er be ſold.

FABLE XL.

The FRUITLESS STRUGGLE.

A Lion rul'd the foreſt ſtate,
Some ſtil'd his fav'rites good and great;
Yet ſure an arduous taſk to pleaſe,
Brutes of all faſhions and degrees.

The

The Leopard, who with prudent care,
Manag'd the royal houſhold fare,
Was for œconomy condemn'd,
And all his prudent meaſures ſtem'd;
The Tyger vers'd in ſylvan laws,
Some held diſtinguiſh'd, ev'ry cauſe,
By ſteady right and reaſon ſway'd,
T'enforce the judgment that he made:
Others declar'd his ſordid tongue
Oft gave the brib'd decree in wrong;
And publiſh'd that his taſte was fixt,
On ſwallowing pills with gold duſt mixt;
The keepers of the kingly ſtore
Were likewiſe judg'd too fond of ore;
The leaders of the ſavage bands
With iſſuing pay thro' bird-lim'd hands;
In ſhort, no beaſt in truſt was quiet,
From clamours congregating riot.
Howe'er it was, a mighty pother,
Was rais'd by one ſide, 'gainſt the other;
Outs againſt in's, like any Turks,
Pall-mall, the De'il, and all his works;
The former, were reſolv'd to caſt
By accuſations ſtrong, the laſt.—
Their gen'ral murmurs reach'd the ear,
Of Leo clement, yet ſevere;—

Who ſoon diſpatch'd his mandates forth,
For worthleſs beaſts, and beaſts of worth,
To ſhew a reaſon for each charge,
That every day appeared at large;
Licentious, chatt'ring out of reaſon,
And bord'ring on the verge of treaſon;
The Buck, whoſe ſtir in freedom's care,
Had ſore diſpleas'd his ſov'reign's ear;
Slighted by ſome whom moſt he truſted,
Was fled to baniſhment diſguſted;
Had turn'd his back on woods ingrate,
And left an ill conducted ſtate:
The noble Panther, who reſign'd
On court rebuke, had ſlipt his wind,
An honeſt Bruin who was known,
A friend to merit, and the throne,
Who never minc'd the truths he ſpoke,
Or o'er guilt's ſhoulders threw a cloke,
Death too had ſnatch'd; ſo few appear'd,
By rule of right, unbias'd, ſteer'd;
And thoſe ſo moderately meek,
So doubtful when, when not to ſpeak,
The potent minions aw'd the plain,
And all remonſtrance prov'd in vain,
T'oppoſe the friends of non reſiſtance,
Reſolv'd to keep 'em at a diſtance,

From

From favors of the royal den;
Good gods! how brutes reſemble men!

Perhaps each ſubject of the nation,
I mean each ſubject who can read,
May think on ſome fit APPLICATION,
To ſerve me at a time of need.

Tho' frequent Fancy lends her hand,
And into errors leads mankind,
We ſhou'd not bow to a command
Implicitly, whoſe leader's blind.

In conſcious truth believe me, friends,
The fable means no harm throughout it;
A truth that ſcorns all dirty ends,
And ſo, I'll ſay no more about it.

FABLE XLI.

The MISER *and his* NEICE.

IF heav'n had ever yet deſign'd
Perfection's lot to human kind,
Whoe'er ſhou'd ſweet *Maria* ſee,
Wou'd ſwear her for the choſen ſhe.

But

But to delineate ev'ry part,
Time's ſelf too ſhort, too feeble art;
Let Fancy's eye form beauty's ſtore,
She's all that man can think, and more.
CHURCHILL, whoſe mem'ry I revere,
Witneſs, O conſcious ſheet, the tear
That dropping mingles with my ink,
And cauſes the lov'd word to ſink;
But water, fire, or earth and air,
Whilſt worlds exiſt ſhall never ſmear
From *England*'s annals CHURCHILL's name,
Or blaſt his unaw'd, honeſt fame.
E'en he, with all his excellence,
Had doted on *Maria*'s ſenſe;
Her wit, that never claim'd pretence,
From matchleſs ſtrength to deal offence;
Or ſerv'd to help conceited airs,
At auctions, theatres, or pray'rs;
Or e'er in wanton ridicule,
Eſcap'd the bounds of chriſtian rule;
Infirmities of friends or foes,
In mind, or body to expoſe.——
Of every imputation clear,
Reviewers, ten times more ſevere
Than critical, or monthly crew,
Cou'd not have brought one ſpot to view,

Unleſs

Unleſs determin'd, right, or wrong,
To ſnatch the blaſt from envy's tongue;
From envy, miniſter in chief
Of hell,—and rebel to belief,
Who firſt led heav'n's revolted clan,
Then wag'd eternal war with man.—

Why forms ſo virtuous, ſo compleat,
Such ſtrokes malevolent ſhou'd meet,
Is unreveal'd to mortal ſtate,
Who wonder, and compaſſionate.
—At twenty-five, from ſcarce fifteen,
An orphan had the *fair one* been;
By ſchemes of *South-ſea* bubbles croſt
Her parents whole dependence loſt;
Who ſicken'd as their wealth decay'd,
And martyrs dy'd to thieves of trade.
Their brother liv'd, worth plumbs a brace,
Deſpight of ſcandal and diſgrace;
Had ſcrap'd it up, by ſuch vile means,
As he, who in *Piatza* cleans
Paddy McGuire's three ſoal'd ſhoes
Of threefold dirt, wou'd ſcorn to uſe.
His only ſtudy to be little,
An elimoſinary kettle,
Or ſpit well ſaddl'd his delight,
He'd ſtarve two days for ſuch a night;

But

But when the meal was to be bought,
It ſeldom coſt above a groat.
With honeſt COLE, his friend profound,
He'd drink a gill, and bolt a pound;
This, three times in a week repeat,
Three times, in broad *St. Giles*'s eat;
The cellar price, the wholſome fare,
A baronet he met with there,
Of his own vile accurſed bent,
One of the things, whom heaven hath ſent,
For nobler minds worſt puniſhment.
Fix'd him to this, his proper ſphere,
Beef, bread and pudding, gin, ſmall beer;
For two-pence half-penny per day!
Good lack! what need of bankrupts pray?
Did the whole world but think as we,
What man cou'd want his liberty?——
Or *Tyburn*, what need ſuch a place?
Œconomy's the root of grace;
That once become a general faſhion
Old *England* were a happy nation.
'Tis the firſt ſtep to all preferment;
But ah, how few can boaſt diſcernment?
From beggar to the ſcepter'd king,
'Tis gold commands us every thing;
Gives weight to ev'ry deed that's done,
And chears the heart, as earth the ſun;—

I wonder folks think light about it,
When nothing's to be had without it;
What are diverſions all but traſh,
Compar'd with bright intrinſic caſh?——
They're ſeen, they're paſt, and nought remains;
But when we count our hoarded gains,
We know they're thoſe, that whilſt we live,
Will credit, favor, honour give.——
Thus wou'd theſe birds of ſelf-ſame feather,
Philoſophize, and chat together.—
HORTENSIO, wax'd infirm and old,
Eat up with gout, catarrh and cold;
Soon after that his brother dy'd,
Receiv'd MARIA, in the pride,
Of all thoſe charms deſcrib'd before;
Think you on pity's gentle ſcore?
Wean thy fond heart, think ſo no more,—
For pity ſhunn'd the wretch's door.—
It was to ſave his ſtinting purſe,
His neice, cook, houſekeeper, and nurſe.
Blended the more than matron's cares,
With lovely blooming ſpinſter years;
Earlily fram'd to duty's ties,
MARIA every truſt ſupplies;
Now caterer's ſkill demands her care,
Then, dreſſing the penurious fare;

The ſettling of the vaſt expence,
Adjuſting jars of no offence——
To all his humours bound the ſlave,
No hopes of freedom but the grave.

Now doth ſhe rub his palſy'd joints,
And now each putrid ſore anoints,
Supports him to the fire ſide,
Each chair around the room is try'd;
Urg'd by th' excruciating pain,
The couch, the bed eſſay'd in vain;
The trickling rheums that ſcald his eyes,
With lenient hand the fair one dries;
His dropping noſe, and driv'ling tongue,
(Fit office for a maid ſo young)
With ſofteſt touch, ſhe kindly clears,
And with her aid, commixes tears.

Six years at leaſt, revolving time
Had ſeen her thus employ her prime;
Her ev'ry action virtue proof,
At which infernals ſcoul aloof;
Conſcious that ſuch are deeds alone,
Their foes the Angel's pride to own.——
In token of his due regard
For all the merits of his ward,

HORTENSIO's teſtament was fill'd,
Her, ſole executrix he will'd:
But mark what ſlight partitions grow,
'Twixt ſcenes of bliſs, and ſcenes of woe;
MARIA, late not worth a groat,
Now for her dow'r immenſe, was ſought;
Again a little while, and fate,
Caſts her below her meaneſt ſtate.——

The verieſt trifle of diſpute,
In which too ſtrong ſhe urg'd her ſuit,
Her uncle ſhould a chicken eat,
(Tho' coſtly, yet the milder meat)
When he on ſheep's head did inſiſt,
MARIA from his heart diſmiſs'd;
He cancell'd all his former grant,
And left her in the jaws of want;
On public charities beſtow'd,
His vile accumulated load:
To friends remonſtrances, reply'd,
She'd learn'd extravagance and pride;
He'd made his peace with God;—and dy'd.
The ſudden ſtroke bereft the *Maid*,
Of reaſon's potent, balmy aid;
To raving frenzy, turn'd her brains,
And *Bethlem* holds her ſad remains.

AP-

APPLICATION.

Curſt av'rice, more inſatiate than the ſea,
Nor pow'rs divine or human, limit thee;
Wheree'er thou clapſt thy merc'leſs cruel paw,
Down go the ties of friendſhip, reaſon, law;
Relation and religion yeild to pelf,
And all things center in the miſer's ſelf;
Starving in plenty leſt he ſhou'd be poor,
He draws a beggar's breath midſt kingly ſtore.
Deſpis'd he lives, and when the reptile dies,
To burning Hell, his fitteſt manſion, hies;
The damn'd ſurround him, grinning with applauſe,
And hail the agent of the Devil's cauſe.

FABLE XLII.

The POINTER *and* CUR.

THE northern blaſts the waters freeze,
The ſnow lies up to milk-maids knees;
Starv'd in the fields lie mole and mouſe,
And Robin Red-breaſt ſeeks the houſe.

And

And now enjoys the ruddy ſquire
His ale, his pipe, and parlour fire;
Quite careleſs who, and who's together,
Defies the Popedom, and the weather.
As he lives now, ſo liv'd his ſire;
He wou'd not, if he might, be higher.——
Next to his country, king and word,
He loves a hound,—but hates a lord;
He cenſures 'em as empty things,
And ridicules their ſtars and ſtrings;
Of courtiers, ſcarcely two in ten,
He ſwears are downright honeſt men;
If e'er they promiſe, ſure to break it,
But certainly he's wrong, I take it.——

No doubt we've many an honeſt lord,
Who pays his debts, and keeps his word;
Whatever tales my friend hath read,
Or WILKES may ſay, or CHURCHILL ſaid,
Many great good ones in the nation---
—But let me on to my relation.——

His worſhip and the curate ſat,
By ſmoak envelop'd, deep in chat,
Of game act, Pheaſant, Fox and Hare,
But no theology was there.——

The parſon knew his p's and q's,
No bumper wou'd he e'er refuſe,
Or e'er his bounteous patron vext,
By ill-tim'd joke, or ill-tim'd text.

The ladies in contiguous room,
With tea and wine were chaſing gloom;
For ladies ſpirits, when they ſpend 'em,
Want ſomething to recruit and mend 'em,
As well as ours—they ſhould regale;
What's woman if her ſpirits fail?—

Baſto, his worſhip's fav'rite pointer,
And miſs's *Shock*, a little nointer,
Who oft had ſtole at unawares,
And bit him by the noſe and ears,
Purely to make his lady laugh,
Then reach her lap, and all was ſafe,
In garden met; when *Baſto* ſaid,
" I ſcorn to take a mongril's head,
But ſure it wou'd be juſtice due,
To all our pack, to ſlaughter you:
Like others of the minion crew,
You've introduc'd things vile, and new;
A needleſs parſimony reigns,
That ne'er had enter'd maſter's brains,
But for ſuch ſycophants as you,
Who never tell a ſtory true,

But

But with incendiary ſneers,
Set thoſe together by the ears,
Who dwelt, e'er you came here, in quiet,
And ſcarcely knew the name of riot".—

" Is it to me, reply'd the *cur*,
That you preſume to chatter, Sir?—
Shalt thou, a ſlave, of ſlaviſh race,
Doom'd like a negroe to the chace,
To earn, before thou eat'ſt thy bread,
And then, with coarſeſt offals fed;
In field, on ev'ry ſlight offence,
Rated, and horſe-whipp'd into ſenſe;
Shalt thou pretend to talk to me,
Who in my family degree,
So much ſuperior am to thee?
Nothing to ſay of wit and learning,
Of which, who hath the leaſt diſcerning,
Muſt ſure prefer my parts to yours,
Or wherefore have I been my tours?
Were I not maſter of addreſs,
And all that kind of politeſs,
That gains upon the rich and great,
I might have been your common mate—
But as things are, I'd have you know
Your diſtance friend—and keep it too.—

Were all your mangy pack conjoin'd,
With ev'ry dog of ev'ry kind,
That round the village you can find,
In one, did all their virtues twine,
How ſhort that excellence of mine!"—

Thou hedge-born brat, of beggar's trull
For ſix-pence bought, and belly full,
Stout *Jowler*, with a ſnarl reply'd,
I hate ſuch curs'd conceited pride—
Thy wit, thy learning!---thy degree!---
Scoundrel, thou'ſt neither of the three;
What hounds are, thou can'ſt never be,
But any whelp may equal thee.
Lyes, impudence, malicious arts,
Fawning and flav'ring all thy parts.
I'm not a dog for prating known,
But ſince we've chanc'd to meet alone,
Shall make the kennel's cauſe my own.---
Thy wiles ſhall ne'er diſturb 'em more,
He ſaid,---he ſeiz'd---the whiffler tore:
Deaf to his cries, as ſenſeleſs ſtones,
And o'er the garden ſtrew'd his bones!

APPLICATION.

From wiſdom's port, how wonderfully wide
Steers the fond man, who graſps the helm of pride;
Quickſands and ſhelves obſtruct his ſmootheſt way,
And rocks ſurround, and ſhut him from the bay.
Moſt covet to be prais'd, belov'd, and great,
But few obtain thoſe bleſſings by conceit.
Sweet ſounds the fame, from other trumpets blown,
But harſh the notes that iſſue from our own.
I ſcorn the man, each Briton *ought to hate,*
From lamplighter, to mandarin of ſtate,
Who awes dependent ſlaves by haughty rules,
Himſelf the greateſt of his crowd of tools.---
In all we aim at, to enſure the plan,
Let pride be inconſiſtent thought with man;
And who, the way to happineſs wou'd hit,
Copy the modes of CUMBERLAND *and* PITT,
Of TEMPLE, DEVON, ONSLOW, GRANBY, PRATT,
A judge ne'er check'd by conſcience as he ſat;
The gen'rous good NORTHUMBERLAND *remark,*
His LADY, *rich in virtues every ſpark;*
More cou'd I point of ſuch; the truly great,
The props and ornaments of freedom's ſtate,

All foes to pride, with ſenſe and ſweetneſs fraught,
Sway'd by the dictates, the eternal taught,
And woe to all who ſet thoſe words at naught.

FABLE XLIII.

The KITE *and* RAT.

LONG had a merc'leſs cruel *Kite*,
With bloody devaſtation ſwept
The hamlets profit and delight,
From ev'ry houſe that poultry kept.——

Chicks, Turkeys, Goſlings, Ducks and Geeſe,
All fell before his rav'nous power;
No feather'd matron liv'd in peace,
Their broods were leſſen'd every hour.

So politic the tyrant too,
Amidſt his knavery was grown;
No ſcheme to take him yet wou'd do,
No ſportſman's gun cou'd bring him down.

One,

One, ſharper then the common crew,
A net within his garden laid,
Leaves o'er the maſhes lightly threw,
And on the leaves he ſcatter'd bread.

Within the midſt he drove a peg,
And to't a hen ſecurely ty'd,
To narrow compaſs, by the leg,
Her chickens peck'd on either ſide.—

Soon as the peaſant well was hous'd,
The *Kite* perceiv'd the tempting bait;
And down upon the hen he ſous'd,
Without ſuſpecting the deceit.—

Then had his carcaſe gone to pot,
(His conſcious heart, beat pit a pat)
Had it not been his lucky lot,
Juſt then to ſpy a mighty *Rat*.

" Good friend, ſaid he, you ſee my plight,
Pray gnaw this twine, and ſet me free;
Pris'ner, by man's accurſed ſpite,
Foe to our lives and liberty."—

The gen'rous *Rat* perform'd the deed,
Redeem'd him from th'entangling net;
Th' ingrateful bird, from bondage freed,
His kind deliv'rer ſeiz'd, and eat!

APPLICATION.

Thus have I known it happen 'mongſt mankind,
And too much tenderneſs an evil prov'd;
When to all acts of good and friendſhip blind,
Wretches have torn the hand that fed, and lov'd.—

Yet, let us not, by ſuch examples led,
Reſtrain the drops of pity where they're due;
Or turn from wanting worth, th'indignant head,
Becauſe ſome ſordid villains prove untrue.

A proper caution they may recommend,
Of objects our good nature means to grace;
Leſt eaſy hearts miſtake the treach'rous friend,
Under the plaintive, or the gleeful face.

Equally dangerous;—woful is the plan,
That raiſing others, our own falls record;
And much doth venture that plain honeſt man,
Who lies at mercy of deſigning Lord.

FABLE

FABLE XLIV.

The BEAR *and* FOX.

'TIHAS been diſputed long ago,
If men be rational, or no;
The acts of many make us doubt it,
Or prove they'd better been without it;
Since thoſe who err, poſſeſs'd of reaſon,
Are ſtain'd with rebels blackeſt treaſon,
Againſt th' all-wiſe and good Creator,
And univerſal ſtep-dame, nature—
The inſtinct of the brutal herd,
With juſtice oft may be preferr'd;
As good, as brave, as vile as man,
They fight, make peace, and hold divan.——

A certain ſeaſon happen'd, when,
All beaſts were ſummon'd to the den;
The Lion by the Brock was told,
His chatt'ring ſubjects grew too bold,

And

And if he did not pare their nails,
They ſcarce wou'd know where hung their tails.
" You muſt indeed, great Sir, ſaid he,
Exert your high authority;
Drop thought of faith, and ſacred word,
Firſt us'd, when to your pow'r preferr'd;
Poſſeſt of your moſt ſanguine ends,
'Tis time to ſhift preſuming friends,
Who wou'd but ev'ry turn upbraid,
And never think themſelves repaid——
Wou'd ev'ry moment load your ear,
With freeborn rights, and rules ſevere;
Impoſe upon your highneſs laws,
And baſely cramp your royal paws,
Until you're molded as they pleaſe,
The ridicule of all degrees.
But iron rods ſhou'd force obedience;
For what are ſubjects, *ſans* allegiance?

From woods inpenetrable gloom,
Foul, blood ſmear'd caverns, forth they come;
They break the mound, they leap the fence,
And quit their verdant indolence;
From hills, groves, dales, all make their way,
Each ſtrives who readieſt ſhall obey;

Who

Who firſt at court ſhall ſhew his face,
To ſave his own, and deal diſgrace;
To brutes of more exalted mind,
Who friends to freedom, lag behind—
Preferring ſimple cots, their own,
To all the luſtre of a throne;
And ſick of arts, and party cant,
In peace and truth find all they want."

His courſe, as *Reynard* chanc'd to ſteer,
He met his excellence, the *Bear*—
" Why, how now *Fox*, quoth he, is this
The road to court?—you act amiſs;
Tho' whelp of diſaffected race,
You hold a beneficial place,
And ſhou'd in gratitude attend
A king's command, ſo much your friend;
Who to ſpeak juſtly of indeed,
Lets no one beaſt of merit need:
But ſweet, benevolent and kind,
To ev'ry virtuous act inclin'd;
Nor doth his heart contain a ſpice,
Or ſhadow of the ſmalleſt vice:
Perhaps you've heard not the decree,
What ſay you?—will you turn with me?"—

" I

" I own, the artful *Fox* reply'd,
That ſacred virtues all are ty'd
And rooted in the Lion's heart,
Yet can't he as he wou'd impart
The bleſſings of ſuch heavenly ſtock,
Whilſt thus miſguided by the Brock,
The vileſt brute that nature knows,
That ſtinks in ev'ry creature's noſe;
Whoſe av'rice well the foreſt ken,
Hath quite curtail'd the royal den;
Hath rais'd his own inglorious name,
Upon the Lion's ſinking fame;
With fairy tales, and ſuch like things,
So turns and winds the beſt of kings,
That ſpite of all that's ſaid or done,
Things ſtrangely to confuſion run.—
By him, the Greyhound was betray'd,
The Stag beneath the turf was laid;
The Elephant, deteſting art,
Sickn'd and broke his honeſt heart.
And what remains of ſteady brutes,
May full as well continue mutes;
For Brock's declar'd the Lion's grace,
In penſion, honour, or in place,
Or in the trifling'ſt point of pelf,
Muſt needs be govern'd by himſelf.

That

That wit and wiſdom injure fools,
And nature fares the worſe for ſchools;
Therefore the cauſe of this convention,
(From which, heav'n keep all dire diſſention)
Is totally to baniſh ſenſe,
That ideots mayn't receive offence;
To levy ſwinging fines on wit,
Shou'd it again preſume to hit,
Or e'en indeed preſume to ſhoot,
At any Lion's fav'rite brute,
Be his employment what it may,
Or Wolf to tear, or Aſs to bray;
Informing Jackall, ſuppliant Ape,
Each ſcoundrel ſhall the laſh eſcape——
And that no creature henceforth plead,
Their ignorance by word or deed,
They're ſtrictly ſummon'd to attend;
This is the purport, and the end;
And theſe are terms, I'll ne'er embrace,
But wond'rous well may ſuit your grace,
Whom nature's early care made fit,
To wage eternal war with wit."

APPLI-

APPLICATION.

Princes be wise!—be vigilant!—beware!—
On every side, the hypocritic snare;
Flatt'rers but sooth you for their sordid ends,
Misguide, and strip you of sincerer friends;
And when divested of the great and good,
Leave you, for ridicule's devoted food;
Your late abandon'd counsellors, then see,
Relentless eye, repentant misery,
Deride those steps they pity'd heretofore,
And vow to help an obstinate no more.

FABLE XLV.

The MISTAKE *o'both Sides.*

OLD HOMER in his Odysses,
Tells us of gods and goddesses,
(VIRGIL and OVID hold the same,)
Who, sublunary jaunts for fame,

Or

Or ſomewhat elſe we need not name,
Did often take; and croſs the Styx,
Infernals ſkipt, to play us tricks.---

About thoſe very times young *Love*,
With eye of Hawk, and wing of Dove,
Skim'd down to wound CLARISSA bright,
The lov'lieſt of the *Iſle of Wight*.
But *Venus* at his ſcheme was wrath,
And had convey'd the maid to *Bath*.---
And next implor'd the God of day
To ſcorch him ſoundly on the way;
Cupid according felt the weight,
Of *Phœbus*, at meridian height;
The flocks and ſhepherds panted round,
Such heat intenſe they ne'er had found;
Sunk were the ſprings, wide crack'd th' ground.
More to perplex the purblind god,
(So will'd the fates) he miſs'd his road,
And whilſt his flight he thought he took
To *Yarmouth*,—'twas to *Cariſbrook*.—
From rills of ſweat, he reek'd all o'er,
No god was e'er ſo ſmok'd before;
There, then he pitch'd, when queſting round,
A rocky, gloomy grot he found,
That ſeem'd by art and nature made,
To furniſh hoſpitable ſhade

To

To any villagers in need,
Whom chance on ſultry days might lead
To ſeek that way their rambling kids,
Or cloſe their reſt-requiring lids;
Or to their fav'rites of the vale,
Convey their hearts ſincereſt tale;
Or, for a rebel to ſecrete
From forces whom he ſhou'dn't meet,
Or for ſome ſmugling thief d'y'ſee!
To lodge his brandy, and his tea.—
Dreary, as caverns of the *Peak*,
Or thoſe where *Lapland* witches freak;
Or Acherontick, fulſome pit,
Where Hell's tremendous council ſit;
Cold as my heart's beſt lov'd one's breath,
In ſhort it was,—the CAVE of DEATH.

Deſcribe it fuller, critics ſay,
Excuſe me gentlemen—you may:
But ſure the beſt deſcriptive ſtyle,
Can ſerve but to provoke a ſmile,
Till CHURCHILL be forgot a while:
CHURCHILL! CHARLES CHURCHILL be forgot,
Who thinks it, muſt be fool or *Scot*;
Ever to *Britons*, CHURCHILL's name,
Shall nobly ſound; his freedom's fame

In

In *Britain*'s annals richly ring,
That poorly speak of many a King.

Love's wanton and unthinking lord,
Th' indulgent cool receſs explor'd;
His bow reſiſtleſs, quick unſtrung,
And from his back his quiver flung;
Then ſtretch'd him on the icy ground,
His darts lay ſcatter'd all around.——
But ſoon mama, whoſe eye had ne'er
Quitted the youth, thro' love and fear,
Whiſk'd from the ſky all out of breath,
And ruſh'd into the *Cave of* DEATH——
There ſhook her ſon near half an hour,
E'er quite ſhe free'd him from the pow'r
Of that ſame drowſy god of ſleep,
Who, envious of the joys we reap,
By ſome confounded trick contrives,
To keep us blind-fold half our lives.

Cupid awak'd in vaſt ſurprize,
At mother's voice; and "oh, he cries,
Into what error have I run,
That your crook'd brow thus chides your ſon?—
I left you o'er a bowl of Nectar,
Engag'd with *Mars*, your fav'rite hector;

And thought I might have had the day,
To frolic out my proper way."——

"Sirrah, reply'd the goddeſs——hold;
Your flippant tongue is grown too bold;
Shall I to you, or you to me
Account I pray?---no more ſo free——
I ſaw your bow was bent for *Bet*,
But will not have her wounded yet;
Before the maid can count her teens,
To load her heart with love's chagrins,
Were cruel to the laſt degree;
Attempt not on her liberty——
But more of this we'll talk anon,
High time from hence that we were gone,
Since here reſides the greateſt foe,
That ſportive mirth, and love can know;
And tho' 'tis true immortal ſtate,
Defends us from his baneful hate,
Yet, as our vot'ries he annoys,
Diſturbs tranquility, and joys,
'Tis fit the monſter we deteſt,
Nor in his hated manſion reſt.——
This is *the Den of* DEATH, my ſon,
Which *Love* ſhould ever ſtrive to ſhun."——

---Th'

---Th' affrighted urchin ſnatch'd his bow,
His arrows ſcrambl'd up---when lo!——
'Mongſt thoſe for gently wounding hearts,
He gather'd of the *Tyrant*'s darts.——

Abandoning the horrid cell,
For plains and groves, where peaſants dwell,
Young *Corydon* in rural pride,
With coy *Liſetta* by his ſide,
Under a ſpreading elm were ſat,
Beguiling time with harmleſs chat;
" A dainty mark", the wanton ſaid;
And drew a weapon to the head;
Which prov'd an inſtrument of death,
Not warm'd her heart, but froze her breath.
" Alas! What have I done, he cry'd,
This the firſt fair that ever dy'd,
E'en by ſevereſt wound of mine;
Chaunt forth her elegy, ye NINE!
Record it, O, immortal Jove!
A maid of ſixteen kill'd by *Love!*"

Time had not flitted half an hour,
E'er *Death* return'd to's ebon bow'r,
To fetch freſh ſtore of thoſe dread tools,
With which he levels kings and fools;

And

And no diſtinction makes between,
The dungeon, and the palace ſcene;
But indiſcriminately hits,
Lords, Commons, Biſhops, Dolts and Wits.
Seldom a point in vain he ſpends,
One half the college are his friends.
Now, having bundl'd up his pack,
And ſlung it, at his fleſhleſs back,
With ghaſtly ſtalk away he hies,
Before him ſwift grim horror flies.——

As on he paſt, with printleſs feet,
A ſhrivell'd fire he chanc'd to meet,
Who, hobling, thought no kind of harm
To lean upon his ſervant's arm;
His ſervant, wench of jolly frame,
Young, tender, ſweet, and prompt to game.
A choſen ſhaft then, from the reſt,
Death drew, and thought to pierce the breaſt,
Of this old plumb-begetting cuff,
Who years had liv'd beyond enough——
He ſhot, but to amazement found,
He had not dealt a mortal wound;
For when he look'd it ſhou'd expire,
The wither'd trunk was all on fire;

Was

Was quite become another man,
He ſung, he danc'd, he ſlabber'd *Nan*,
And ſwore cou'd certain deed be done,
He'd leave her all, and bilk his ſon—

" How now, quoth *Death*, old ſapleſs blade,
Why ſurely I've forgot my trade;
On yonder crowd, I'll try again"---
A ſcore eſcap'd to ſix were ſlain——
And hence, from this perplex'd event,
Springs much of woe and diſcontent;
Daily and hourly do we find,
Theſe errors fatal to mankind.——
The lovely virgin, blooming bright,
Is coffin'd on her bridal night;
Whilſt eyeleſs, toothleſs, bald Sir *John*,
Weds miſs, with bib and tucker on.

O *Love* and *Death*, for ſhame give o'er,
To miſapply each other's ſtore;
No more unhappy mortals vex,
Nor thus unreas'nably perplex;
Empty your quivers on the plain,
And each reſume his ſhafts again.

APPLICATION.

Strange tho' it ſeem,—averſe to human ſence,
That hoary age ſhou'd match with innocence;
Whilſt the plump virgin, and the vig'rous brave,
Are claſp'd in cold embraces of the grave;
Yet blame we not the ways of providence,
That work unſeen, upheld by pow'r immenſe;
In ſearch myſterious let not man delight,
But think with POPE, *"what ever is, is right."*

FABLE XLVI.

The FOX *and* LAMB.

Diveſted of his robes of gold,
The day's decline the ſun had told,
And ſwains had drove their flocks to fold;
Some ſtop at ſtool-ball play, whilſt ſome,
On looſen'd teams ride whiſtling home;

Whom

Whom dames receive with open arms,
As deſtitute of arts, as charms;
But chearful, honeſt, ſound and ſweet,
At all points houſewifes good and neat;
Who, with their cots of children full,
Ne'er felt the gloom of moment dull;
Whilſt thoſe who ten times more poſſeſs,
By name alone know happineſs;
And now the bacon and the kale,
The ſweet brown bread, and ſtrong brown ale,
Is plac'd upon each ruſtic board,
Each ruſtic greater than a lord.
Now was the time when toads delight,
To quit their ditches dank, and ſpright
Of poor heart broken, love ſick maid,
Before the perj'rer ſkim'd the glade,
When ſcreech-owls from the ruins fly,
And cats and crickets join the cry.

A *Goat* and *Lamb* that late had ſtray'd,
In meadows browzing, were ſurvey'd
By a ſly *Fox*, who ne'er at loſs
To give deceitful phraſes gloſs;
With fawning air, and oily tongue,
Stept up, and cry'd, " my dear, you're wrong;

I ſaw your dam but even now,
Ready to break her heart, I vow,
Leſt foreſt ſavage you devour;
I promis'd with my utmoſt pow'r
To queſt hill, grove, and copſe around,
Till day appear'd, or you were found;
And now, right glad am I to ſee
You're ſafe and well—pray come with me:
I'm ſure your mother'll ne'er forget,
For you reſtor'd, how much my debt;
By night perhaps deceiv'd you err,
And take yon ſhaggy *Goat* for her."——

" Good Sir, reply'd the *Lambkin*, no;—
Tho' ſimple, yet I'd have you know,
I can diſtinguiſh friend from foe.
When liars virtuous truth would mock,
They ought to wear a thicker frock,
Too threadbare is the poor diſguiſe;
I've heard the *Fox* accounted wiſe;
In ev'ry word I find a flaw,
My mother's face you never ſaw;
Or ſeeing, ſure ſhe'd ne'er bemoan'd,
A ſtragler, whom ſhe never own'd:
Spurn'd from her teat as ſoon as dropt,
From hope of infant nurture cropt;

The

Th' unnat'ral left me on the heath
Expos'd to various ſorts of death.
Then 'twas this kind ſupporter came,
This worthy, good maternal dame;
She ſaw me in my helpleſs ſtate,
Her tenderneſs revers'd my fate,
And prompted her the milk to ſpare
From her own kid, that I might ſhare.
He dead, I now adopted heir,
She ſince hath bred with fondeſt care;
By wholſome dictates ſquares my rules,
To fathom knaves, and laugh at fools;
To lean to all ſuch worthy ends,
As baffle foes, and number friends.
Now pray, Sir *Reynard*, by th' bye,
Where think you obligations lie?——
My mother was compell'd to bear
And bring me forth; but not to rear;
All that ſhe could not help, was done,
No more, for an abandon'd ſon.
To *Jove*, my pray'rs, for this good *Goat*,
I therefore from my heart devote;
And to my life's extremeſt end,
Own her my mother, father, friend:

On

On other brutes go try your tricks,
I read too well your politicks.

APPLICATION.

When true affection warms the parent's breaſt,
Right in himſelf, he renders children bleſt;
Their times reſemblance wiſely he compares,
With thoſe wherein he counted infant years.
Sagely he weighs the conſequence of things,
The ſweets of virtue, and of vice the ſtings;
Early implants 'em 'mongſt his tender train,
More anxious for their minds than purſes gain:
Such parents, children muſt adore and bleſs,
Obey, love, honour, ſuccour, and careſs.
And whereſoever diſobedience rules,
Twenty to one, the fathers have been fools;
Tempers indulg'd, unpuniſh'd from the firſt,
Harden with years till totally accurs'd.
And, with what juſtice can a father blame
The youth himſelf hath introduc'd to ſhame?
What duty to a wealthy ſire is due,
Whoſe ſon's induſtrious, ſenſible and true,
Expert in trade, arriv'd at man's eſtate,
Yet ſeldom burthen'd with five ſhillings weight,

Worſe

Worſe us'd than brutes, by rigid parent law,
For brutes partake the fodder that they draw;
Whilſt he with all his induſtry and pain,
From hirelings can't civility obtain:
Nor doth the wench who makes his father's bed,
His praiſe exult in, or his threat'ning dread;
By him ill us'd, all aggravate his caſe,
Slight his commands, and jeer him to his face.
Such is no father,—truth abſolves the ſon
From ev'ry tie paternal love had won;
That friendly man who helps him from his thrall,
Is father, mother, brother, ſiſter—ALL

FABLE XLVII.

The ROBIN *and* WREN.

AT bottom of a thick-ſet row,
Where creeps the moſs, and vi'lets grow;
And *May*-buds blow to grace the ſpring,
And cuckow cries, and blackbirds ſing;
Of ſnug convenient nook poſſeſt,
A *Robin* had ſecur'd her neſt;

Safe

Safe hatch'd her young, and three parts grown,
(A neighb'ring *Wren*'s had long been flown)
When, by ſome ſad and fatal hap,
Of bird-lim'd twig, or birdcage trap,
The feather'd parent fell 'twas thought,
A prey to man, by treach'ry caught—
Her infant tribe her abſence pin'd,
And chirp'd their ſorrows to the wind;
Want ſeldom meets with friendly ken
'Mongſt birds, and beaſts, no more than men,
Who when they write themſelves diſtreſt,
Are ſhunn'd by all the happier reſt;
As tho' by mad dog bit they'd been,
Or ſcap'd from veſſel quarantine;
There's nought like poverty t'affright,
And baniſh lukewarm friendſhip quite.——

Yet ſome there are, who good, and ſound,
May even in diſtreſs be found;
Excuſe me, grandeur, if you can,
That TEMPLE yoke with ROSOMAN;
ROSOMAN merits all he wears,
By gen'rous, charitable cares;
By acts that envy can't rebuke,
And might add luſtre to a duke.
Stay thee, my pen, nor recommend,
In tinſey dreſs a real friend;

In-

Intrinſic merit ſpeaks itſelf,
Without it, bards retain'd for pelf
May try the hyperbolick ſtrain,
On a diſcerning town in vain;
Deſpite of all they proudly ſhew,
The verſe is damn'd that is not true.—
Such writers but reflect a ſhame
On *Britain*, and a *Briton*'s name.
Take it among ye, well or ill,
I ſpeak my mind, and always will.

The bounteous *Wren*, with pity's eyes,
Compaſſionates the neſtlings cries;
What ſcene like infant woe can move
Hearts, rich with charitable love?
Her flurt'ring ſympathetic breaſt
Felt all the pangs of the diſtreſt;
With agonizing heart, ſhe ſought,
And plenty of proviſions brought;
And every tender care was ſhewn,
As tho' the birds had been her own,
Until that they were fledg'd and flown.

One ſunſhine morn at wanton play,
Their ſports at length produc'd a fray;
The foſter mother ſtept between,
Zealous to ſtop the bloody ſcene;

" What

" What means my ſons, quoth ſhe, this ſtrife;
Why ſeek ye thus each other's life?
That kingdom many woes betide,
Whoſe wrangling ſubjects ſtill divide;
War's but at beſt a brutal flame;
'Twixt brethren too, oh! fie for ſhame!"—
A little bold audacious ſprite,
Cry'd, " Madam we will have a fight,
You've nothing now with us to do,
Away,—or elſe we'll make you go."—
" Ungrateful birds, the *Wren* reply'd,
But for my care ye all had dy'd,
For want of neceſſaries ſtarv'd;
Is this the treatment I've deſerv'd?
May all who alien brats defend,
Be us'd as I am in the end."——
—By this remonſtrance ſtung, they tore,
And left her ſwimming in her gore.

APPLICATION.

A worthleſs ſort there are of humankind,
No oath can tie, no gratitude can bind;
In whom the ſeeds of envy grow ſo ſtrong,
No link of friendſhip can ſecure e'm long.——

Your

Your table, ſtable, library and ſtore,
Free for their uſe, they'll ſtill be craving more;
Do what you pleaſe, a ſomething muſt remain,
That ſomething added o'er and o'er again,
Freſh grants are ſu'd for, which if left undone,
A moment rends the weft that years had ſpun;
The tower of favors paſt, demoliſh'd lies,
And the rank villain ſhoots you as he flies.
Theſe points conſider'd well, might counſel men,
To put in force th' opinion of the Wren;
Yet ſtill we ſhou'd conſider nature frail;
One may repay the good, where hundreds fail;
If not, the joys, when ſocial ſouls have met,
With objects to relieve from ſorrow's net,
Are fair prognoſticks heav'n accepts the debt.

FABLE XLVIII.

The FARMER *and* SPORTSMAN.

SIMON, a hearty honeſt ſwain,
Who never knew an hour of pain,
Stranger to ſorrow or diſpair,
Unprick'd by conſcience, or by care;

Poſ-

Poſſeſs'd a ſmall paternal farm,
Did much of good, but nought of harm;
A buxom, healthy, wholſome wife,
Of temper ſweet, and free from ſtrife,
Of manners, houſewifely and neat,
In ſhort, a village dame compleat.
With one young ſpinſter ſtrait and tall,
Were ſtock Heav'n bleſt his cot withal.
Peg, for the world was ſuch another,
(Her age excepted) as her mother;
Nor patch, nor paint, nor charm was there,
But what is giv'n to ev'ry fair;
Nature in juſt proportion ſeen,
Proclaim'd the maid about ſixteen;
Her breaſts were plump, her ſhape and face,
Wore all the ſhews of rural grace.——

Each man hath ſome peculiar taſte;
One ſhall his caſh in gaming waſte;
Another ſquanders it on whores,
A third, on ale-houſe benches ſnores;
Others, a ſample more polite,
In taverns wrangle, ſot and fight;
Some love intrigues, ſome law affairs,
Some wit, ſome politics, ſome play'rs——

But

But od's my life !—I've all this while,
Got clear beyond the country ſtile,
Where ſhooting, hunting, fiſhing, drinking,
Eating and laughing, conquer thinking.——
The *Farmer* on that happy ſpot,
Where fate had deign'd to caſt his lot,
His favourite amuſement found,
Within a dainty garden-ground ;
There was he wont at leiſure hours,
To cultivate his plants and flow'rs ;
And choice of ev'ry ſort he had,
His Lordſhip's gard'ner knew were bad ;
For *Simon* on each market day,
Some ſhillings would expend that way ;
And roots or plants, or good or no,
What matter, if he thought 'em ſo ?——

Once on a time it came about,
A wand'ring *hare* had ta'n her route
Thro' the ſequeſter'd vale belov'd,
She ſmelt, ſhe ſtopt, admir'd, approv'd.——
A ſmall time great confuſion made,
Biſhops with Empreſſes were laid,
Kings, dukes and lords were freely lop'd,
All ranks, without diſtinction crop'd ;

Exotics well as natives ſeiz'd,
Ravag'd, and ranſack'd, where ſhe pleas'd.
And e'er the morning's gilder ſhone,
The track remain'd, ſhy puſs was gone.——
The *Farmer* ſtood aghaſt to ſee,
His mangl'd half eat ſhrubbery;
What he for years with all his pow'rs
Had been collecting, in few hours,
Thus ruinated, ſpoilt, undone!
And ſtrait he to the hall-houſe run.

The *Squire* he at backgammon found,
With parſon orthodox and ſound;
" Quoth *Simon*,—*Squire* I'm almoſt mad,
Laſt night I ſuch a loſs have had,
'Twou'd make your wig to ſtand an end,
Lord bleſs you maſter be my friend;
Look you, d'ye ſee, a curſed *hare*,
Hath come and ſtrip'd my garden bare;
Tore all the things about the grounds——
She's done me damage!—ay! ſome pounds;
I wiſh your honour'd ſend the hounds;
Let 'em be there, 'fore morning light,
Shee'll likely feed again to night——

—*Simon*

—" *Simon*, I'm ſorry for your loſs,
But things will now and then go croſs,"
Reply'd the Squire;—" Here, take this ale,---
And for my dogs, they ſhall not fail."——

Next morn, accordingly at four,
Arriv'd the pack, with near a ſcore
Of horſemen—foot as many more.
The cloth on nut-brown table laid,
Was with the beſt proviſions ſpread;
Beef, paſty, gammon, ſtinging beer,
Good bread and cheeſe, and ſuch like fare——
Until in truth, without a joke,
They had the pantry fairly broke;
The cellar felt the ſame miſhap,
For not a drop was left on tap.

The buſineſs ended of the knife,
Some touz'd the daughter, ſome the wife;
Whilſt *Simon*, who ne'er ſaw before
Such tricks, within his homely door,
Whatever thoughts poſſeſs'd his head,
Gap'd like an oaf—but nothing ſaid.
When peaſants fight beneath the banners,
Of juſtices and lords of manors,

Whatever licence ſuch may take,
Tongues muſt be held for quiet ſake.——
Whate'er was wanted, done within,
They ſally forth; the chearful din
Tempts all abroad the neighbours round,
And quickly fill'd the *Farmer*'s ground——
His gates and hedges torn away,
All that remain'd of rich and gay,
By men and horſes, trampl'd lay:
Nay, not a leaf ſo big as ballad,
Was left to ſerve him for a ſallad;
And after all this buſtle paſt,
The *hare* was never ſeen at laſt.——

Soon as the whooping tribe were gone,
With cloudy brow, and plantive tone,
The lout exclaim'd, "alas! alas!——
That ever I was ſuch an aſs
To call in help againſt a *hare*,
I might have kill'd by gun or ſnare;
That help---when reckon'd every thing,
That I may ſay, and ſome may ſing,
In three ſhort hours hath hurt me more
Than puſs had done in days a ſcore:

Hence

Hence wrongs I'll bear without reſiſtance,
Rather than aſk from friends aſſiſtance."

APPLICATION.

With due deliberation all things weigh,
Before you ev'ry inconvenience lay;
That whatſoever ſtep you chance to make,
You hurt not your affairs, through raſh miſtake:
When ſmaller people to the great complain,
Frequent they add to, rarely leſſen pain;
If to your tale they lend the ſerious ear,
Thoſe are the moments that you moſt ſhou'd fear;
Doubt the plann'd ſcheme againſt your peace of life,
Your vote, your int'reſt, daughter, or your wife.
All may be wanted; and if you're ſo mad,
To give encouragement—may all be had;
Fit for themſelves, themſelves together leave,
Sure if they court you, 'tis but to deceive.
Through life, 'twere well to recollect the hare,
Uſing our beſt ſagacity and care,
Right to diſtinguiſh falſe from real friends,
E'er to our hurt each baneful ſtep extends,
Till we have loſt, and they obtain'd their ends.

FABLE XLIX.

The MONKEY *and* MOUNTEBANK.

SEcreted from the noiſe of life,
In a ſmall ſnug paternal ſeat;
Without a parent, child, or wife,
To diſcompoſe his calm retreat,

There 'twas the good *Alvaro* meant,
His future happier days to ſpend;
To crown the bowl of rich content,
A houſe-keeper he had, and friend.——

Each from their childhood had he known,
Ann, faireſt pattern to her ſex;
Stranger to brows contracted frown,
And ev'ry female art to vex.

For him, and him alone had worn,
A chaſt, unvary'd, blameleſs heart;
Through all his joys and griefs, had born
Much greater than an equal part.

Without

Without the foibles of her kind,
Of manners mild, neat in attire,
The chiefeſt ſtudy of her mind
His approbation to acquire.

The manly partner of his breaſt,
Had judgment, honour, wit and ſenſe;
Yet had been loſt, if uncareſt,
Unpropt by his benevolence.—

Sunk in this vice triumphant age,
Where envy'd genius daily fails,
Victim of want and party rage,
Of far fetch'd charge and paltry tales.

As happy as their hearts cou'd wiſh,
All dwelt within *Alvaro*'s bounds;
Good humour reliſh'd every diſh,
And health preſided o'er their grounds.

Beſides domeſtic creatures, kept,
As Cæſar to preſerve the houſe;
And cat, in vigilance adept,
Sworn foe to ev'ry culprit mouſe.——

A favorite *Monkey*, trim and pert,
Contributed to baniſh ſpleen;
And with his mimickry alert,
Fill'd now and then a vacant ſcene.

At length, of bondage, *Pug* grew tir'd,
Ey'd his cloſe confines with diſdain;
Fain by the world wou'd be admir'd,
And eager efforts broke his chain.——

Away he ſcamper'd up to town,
In *Covent-Garden* ſhew'd his parts;
Where, if I needs the truth muſt own,
I've ſeen more pride, with leſs of arts.—

There he, on *quack*, in raptures gaz'd,
Who all becrimſon'd, and belac'd,
With lyes harangu'd a mob amaz'd,
At tales ſo ſtrange, yet gravely fac'd.

How rival kings contending ſtrove
To fix him in their ſeveral courts;
Their daughters to obtain his love,
By preſents, ſtratagems, and ſports.

A ring upon his finger ſhone,
That lately grac'd the great Mogul's;
A ſword by *China*'s ſelf put on
Alas, *Britannia!*—iſle of gulls.——

The belt, *Marocco*'s Emperor preſt,
Buſhel's of roupee. *Ali Cawn*;
Of *Pruſſia*'s king the friend profeſt,
And *Ruſſia* offer'd him the lawn.—

By *Louis* had been made a peer,
Wou'd he to *France* have been confin'd;
But conſcience whiſper'd every where,
Diſpenſe your knowledge to mankind.

" By providence impell'd, ſaid he,
(Foe only to my wretched ſelf)
An univerſal friend you ſee,
Who comes not for the ſake of pelf——

This panacea that I hold,
Cures every ill that mortals own;
Truth cries, 'tis worth its weight in gold,
But charity ſays, take a crown.——

All you that wou'd be ſound, and well,
Leave *Schomberg*, *Huxham*, *James*, *Fordice*;
Hand up your crowns, 'tis I excel,
BLANDANO cures you in a trice.——

I've now ſaid all I meant to ſay,
And ſhall not ſtand like quacks expos'd;
To yon great houſe come o'er the way,
There all may be ſecurely dos'd."

The ſpeech was done, the ſage deſcends,
The mob huzza!—the doctor bows;
Quick follow heaps of ſcabby friends,
Some with king's-evil on their brows:

Some

Some vext with ſtrong ſcorbutic caſes,
By ſtone conſtrain'd ſome roar'd aloud;
Some at the gout were making faces,
The *Monkey* mingl'd in the crowd;

Unheeded took a proper ſtand,
Watched all the doctor's words and motions,
And when he had diſpatch'd his band,
He thus addreſs'd the prince of potions.

"Great Sir, I honour much your art,
Under your care wou'd take a tour;
By friends am thought adroit and ſmart,
And aged only four times four.

For ſtore of caſh I have it not,
But thus far I'll be bold to ſay;
In induſtry you'll find no blot,
I'll more than earn my bread per day.

One fault I have and will not hide,
Whether you take me ay or no;
My little heart aſpires with pride,
And makes me hate mechanics low.

I'm for profeſſion, Sir, like yours,
That gives a man a noble air;
Lifts him above your clowniſh boors,
—In dreſs, in company, and fare.—

Afford

Afford me but a ſuit of lace,
A ſmart bag wig with hat and feather;
I'll be your ſlave in every caſe,
And care not when we come together."—

"With all my heart, reply'd the quack,
Young gentleman we're well agreed,
I have a ſuit will fit your back,
'Twas made for one of ſlender breed."—

The ſuit was brought which pug eſſay'd,
And likewiſe hat and feather too;
And troth, reſembl'd, thus array'd,
To give the little rogue his due,

Many a one in air and mien
Known by the dainty name of beau;
Who oft is found behind the ſcene,
Grinning, and chatt'ring, even ſo.

"Now, quoth the doctor, but one thing,
'Twixt you and I doth yet remain;
That done, will to concluſion bring
The whole affair, and that's a chain.

A chain, good Sir, be pleas'd to wear,
For ſome few days, or two, or three;
'Tis gold, and might become a mayor,
The cloths are rich;—you'll pardon me."—

"To

" To deal ingenuouſly, ſaid *Pug*,
I've led a buckiſh life, and gay,
For craſh of china bowl and mug,
You ſee me here, a runaway.——

But yet my principles are ſound,
Proficient make me in your trade;
And to evince reſpect profound,
I'll be a while a priſoner made."

The bargain ſtruck, and fixt the chain,
Faſt as a huſband's to his wife;
Poor *Pug* was doom'd amongſt his train,
To grace BLANDANO's ſtage for life.

APPLICATION.

Learn from this fable, youth of Britain's *iſle,*
(By nature heirs to freedom, valour, ſenſe,)
On worth intrinſick, ſons of worth ſhou'd ſmile,
Blind to the enſigns of impertinence.——

Can men of reaſon be ſo fond of ſhew,
To envy yonder thing his green and gold,
Got by extracting ſtumps from rotten row;
Or him in chair,—whoſe patrimony's ſold.

Who

Who now each night 'mong ſt thieving gamblers ſchool'd
Stamps himſelf current caſh, perhaps a year;
Perhaps in leſs than that of all he's fool'd,
And Tyburn *ends the project of deſpair.*——

O learn betimes to ſhun the frothy tribe,
The coxcomb, rake, but atheiſt moſt diſdain;
Their ſcoffs deſpiſe, nor to their ſmiles ſubſcribe,
And ſcape a worſe than ſublunary chain.

FABLE.

The SICK LION.

THE Sov'reign of the brutal kind,
Supine and helpleſs lay reclin'd;
His roarings were no longer heard,
His mandates nor obey'd or fear'd;
Safe might the Ox purſue his way,
In peace, the tender Lambkins ſtray;
The wood no more with murders ring,
In ſtrong convulſions lay the king.——

That

That greater monarch ſtill than he,
Who ſuffers no demur, or plea,
Againſt his final firm decree.——
Had ſo transfix'd his barb'rous dart,
He cou'd not writhe it from his heart;
Nor cou'd ſociety profound,
Of beaſtly artiſts heal the wound,
Had learned HEBERDEN been there,
With all his art, and all his care,
Who knows of ailments, food and weather,
More than the antients all together,
'Tho' none can better deal with death,
The *Lion* had not kept his breath;
The time was come, as goſſips ſay,
That men and creatures muſt obey——
A truth by time ſo plainly wrote,
The doctor muſt diſcompt the note;
And tho' he thouſands yearly ſave,
Himſelf ſhall moulder in the grave;
All that remains a marble block,
To ſhew the odds 'twixt him and *Rock*——
Croſs roads again, my muſe is ambling,
The devil's in the jade for rambling.——

Soon thro' the woods the news was told,
That *Leo*, impotent and old,

Lay

Lay ſtrugling in the pangs of death,
The laſt, expecting every breath:
The congregated creatures ran,
And flew and hop't to the divan.——
Urg'd by condoling care, but few,
Reſentment fir'd the general crew
To dire revenge—a tyrant's due;
Which now they had him at their will,
Each brute determin'd to fulfil;
A Tyger who his armies led,
He had diſhonour'd in his bed,
For which, with ſharp remorſeleſs fangs,
He added to his dying pangs;
Of pigs he oft had robb'd the boar,
Who now, the feeble murd'rer tore—
And then with tuſhes ſtain'd in gore,
Proclaim'd aloud to general ear,
With haughty and ſarcaſtic ſneer;
" Approach ye injur'd tribes, and ſee
How low lies ſelf-will'd majeſty!
This is the beaſt, who t'other day,
Without diſtinction made his prey,
On friends or foes, to him alike,
Whoſe boſom ne'er did pity ſtrike;
How many brutes hath he deſtroy'd
For ſake of treaſures they enjoy'd?—

Alledging tho' without a reaſon,
They'd been detected plotting treaſon;
Whilſt emiſſaries of his own,
(A ſort not wanting near a throne)
Say what he wou'd were nothing loth
To vouch the fact with ready oath.

How many daughters hath he born
From hapleſs parents, left forlorn;
Nor hath with life the huſband ſcap'd,
Who durſt complain of conſort rap'd;
Hath not his reign been one rude ſcence
Of murder, robbery, and chagrin?
Approach him who diſdain'd our cauſe,
And trampl'd on our ſocial laws,
Who never meant the foreſt good,
Approach; behold his ſordid blood!"——

Here clos'd the Boar his ſtern harangue,
With vaſt applauſe the mountains rang;
Their dying king the beaſts ſurround,
They pity, they reflect, they wound;—
Amongſt the reſt, a paltry Aſs,
Bray'd out aloud for room to paſs;
For once quoth he, when we were ſat,
With ſome few others in debate,

Of

Of matters ſerious and profound,
On my known ſage advice he frown'd;
Nay, ſtruck me rudely from the board,
Which lives in mem'ry's ſtrong record;
And now, ſince providence hath been
So friendly to reverſe the ſcene,
Thus I revenge my injur'd cauſe:"
A ſlighted hoof ſalutes his jaws.——

Ah me! cry'd the expiring king,
What loads of woe do princes bring
Upon themſelves, whoſe rigid rule,
Beſpeaks contempt and ridicule;
Deſpotick, mercenary, vain,
I muſt confeſs hath been my reign;
And well my num'rous faults cou'd bear
From Tygers, Panthers, Wolves to hear;
With pleaſure cloſe my dying eyes,
To nobler brutes a ſacrifice;
But doubly cruel are the ſtings
That Aſſes dare to dart at kings."

APPLICATION.

Who wou'd not chuſe to live of friends poſſeſt,
Honour'd, belov'd, ſought after, and careſt?
With each the choice in ſome proportion lies,
Wou'd you be happy, ſtudy to be wiſe;
Soon doth experience teach mankind to know,
What wins the friend, what conſtitutes the foe.
Good humour, affability, and eaſe,
Dignifies characters of all degrees;
And civil honeſt Dick *who takes your duſt,*
Hath more true friends than counts a prince unjuſt;
For no diſtinction of the church, or ſtate,
However high, or reverend, or great,
Can ſcreen baſe bearer from the public hate.
Nor can the honeſt, wiſe, and brave depreſt,
Sink in the memory of the virtuous breaſt;
Rule eaſtern infidels with ſcorpion rod,
But love and meekneſs are the ſtamps of God.

FABLE

FABLE LI.

The SICK MAN *and his* CONSCIENCE.

DISEAS'D, *Ricardo* ſought repoſe,
The blood ſhoots boiling through his veins;
Thro' all his frame the fever glows;
Now what avail *Ricardo*'s gains?

His city houſe, ſuperbly great,
His villa on *Thameſis*' ſide;
His pictures, jewels, or his plate,
His equipage, and beauteous bride?

Now what avails the bubble fame,
The baſe of fourſcore thouſand pounds;
The trumpet of his paltry name,
Beyond his utmoſt merit's bounds?

Or what avail his flatt'rers mean,
Thoſe creatures of each dirty end?
Such ever fly the piteous ſcene;
He ne'er deſerv'd a real friend.

His menial ſervants only wait,
With too indulgent, injur'd wife,
To ſoften the decree of fate,
By pious helps at laſt of life.

Theſe he commands to quit the room,
And frantic rolls from ſide to ſide;
Courts the ſoft pillow and the gloom,
Sleep's well known friends, but now deny'd.

" O wherefore muſt I, thus, of ſtate,
Of wealth poſſeſt, he raving cries,
Envy'd by ſmall, ador'd by great,
Be torn by death?"—a SOUND replies,

" How dares thy vile preſumptuous tongue,
That queſtion on a power intrude,
Whoſe clemency hath ſpar'd too long,
A life of ſuch ingratitude?

When didſt thou clear the widow's eye
Of ſtarting drop? or when prevent
The alien, or the orphan's ſigh,
By bounty gave, or bounty lent?—

When were thy purſe ſtrings ever drawn,
Unleſs through oſtentatious rules,
To gild the brief humdrum'd in lawn,
Or for baſe purpoſe, tickle fools?

Thy art hath ſhorten'd lives of ſome,
From others torn their deareſt rights:
Art thou not conſcious thou'rt the ſcum
Of baſeſt villains—hypocrites?

Had'ſt thou a ſcore of ſummers ſtill
On earth to live, the time too ſmall
To recollect the ev'ry ill
Thy heart hath been defil'd withal.

Thy CONSCIENCE I—thou ſordid wretch!"
To ſpeak, *Ricardo* ſtamm'ring try'd;
"I'm loſt," was all—then gave a ſtretch,
And like a worthleſs reptile dy'd.

APPLICATION.

How weak the men whoſe ſouls alone are fixt,
On this world's mimick momentary ſtore;
The gold, in which ſo much of droſs is mix'd,
Their loſs exceeds their profit, who explore.—

More worthy they, who judge with pious ſkill
The weight, and fitneſs of theſe earthly things,
Such their great Maker's wiſe beheſts fulfil,
The firſt, laſt, only mighty king of kings.——

No longer Chriſtians we ourſelves ſhou'd call,
Than whilſt humility and patience guide;
A friendly love, and charity to all;
Theſe rules he *taught us, who to ſave us dy'd.*

FABLE LII.

The CAPTAIN *and* SAILOR.

'TWAS at the dawn of morning's light,
An enemy the *Dragon* ſpy'd,
A rich galleon; a dainty ſight——
Upon the billows did ſhe ride.

And now for fight they ſoon prepar'd,
Each man was ſtation'd at his gun,
The ſails were ſet, the decks were clear'd,
All ready for engagement done.

As fore and aft the CAPTAIN paſt,
Like *Martha* preſt with many cares;
On's knees he ſpy'd behind the maſt,
WILL THOMAS fervently at pray'rs.

WILL

WILL was a ſailor ſtout and bold,
As ever ſtep'd o'er ſide of ſhip;
None of your ſkulkers in the hold,
But one would make a *Spaniard* ſkip.—

Then, he cou'd hand, reef, ſplice and ſteer,
And was a hearty jolly mate;
But, truth to tell, the dog wou'd ſwear
At an abominable rate:

Ay, and blaſpheme; nay, what was worſe,
Was ever railing at the parſon;
Wou'd rev'rend learn'd diſcourſes curſe,
And all religion make a farce on.

This perfectly the CAPTAIN knew,
And wond'ring at the mighty change,
On tip-toes ſoftly nearer drew,
To be convinc'd in caſe ſo ſtrange.

WILL of his liſt'ning gueſt aware,
(A circumſtance that crown'd his choice)
In louder ſtrain purſu'd his pray'r;
" Good Lord, quoth he, with thund'ring voice,

O grant but this important now,
To my requeſt an open ear,
I'll ne'er be wicked more I vow,
Or from the port of goodneſs ſteer."—

" WILL, (ſaid the CAPTAIN) pr'ythee lad,
How came this praying in your head?
What is it for?—or are you mad?
If ſo, 'twere proper you were bled."—

" I've all the ſenſe I e'er cou'd boaſt,
Quoth honeſt WILL—and, Sir, for this,
My being in devotion loſt,
Wou'd you not take the thing amiſs,
I wou'd explain the reaſon why."—
The CAPTAIN promis'd—WILL went on;
" Few men, you know Sir, care to die,
And of that number I'm not one,
I therefore pray'd the ſhot might fly,
Juſt as the ſhare of prizes run—
Then might we foremaſtmen behold,
Engagements ſafely as by-ſtanders;
As little hurt with lead as gold,
Whilſt all around us fell commanders."

APPLICATION.

When wealthy av'rice ſtretcheth out its paws,
In vain th' indigent conſult the laws;
How e'er oppreſſive, and unjuſt it be,
The poor muſt yeild a cauſe without a fee:

How

How monſtrous the report 'gainſt common ſenſe,
This man five thouſand pounds—that, eighteen-pence!
Where the fault lies, it is not mine to care,
But when the day ſhall come of ſad deſpair,
Then modeſt worth ſhall triumph in its turn,
And Tyrant Pride, *without repentance, burn.*

FABLE LIII.

The LION *and* ASS.

FORTH from his gloomy cavern brought,
Deep in the foreſt's black receſs,
By hunger's force, a LYON ſought
Around the neighb'ring lands redreſs.

He proul'd about through copſe and dale,
The lofty ſummit, lowly mead,
The ſhady thicket, flow'ry vale;
Yet nothing met within his tread.

The flocks well penn'd in ſafety ſlept,
As did the oxen, horſes, hogs;
Creatures for food and ſervice kept,
Guarded by men and faithful dogs.

As

As through a lane he chanc'd to paſs,
Muſing in penſive ſtrain of mind;
He ſtumbl'd on a paltry Aſs,
The ſaucieſt creature of his kind.

Who looking up, and ſtaring wide,
Cry'd "you're a LION, I ſuppoſe;
I gueſs'd it by your ſhaggy hide,
And that old faſhion'd ugly noſe.

What's in that form to tremble at?—
(But fools muſt chatter as they will)
At beſt an o'ergrown wild bore-cat,
You've neither half my ſtrength or ſkill.

Afraid of thee, poor growling beaſt,
For what I can't deviſe, or why?—
A king indeed!—a pretty jeſt;
I'll thraſh thy jacket by and by."

The LION bit his lips, and frown'd;
"Baſeſt, ſaid he, of baſeſt claſs,
E'er now thy blood had ſtain'd the ground,
Had'ſt thou been any thing, but Aſs."—

APPLICATION.

One of the ſtrongeſt marks of freedom left,
(Of which, perchance we ne'er may be bereft)
Is, that the verieſt ſcoundrels when they pleaſe,
Dare uſe their ſcurril tongues to all degrees.

With

With inſolence inſult thee to thy face;
Wou'dſt thou avoid it, ſhun the vulgar race:
But never condeſcend ye to conteſt,
With brutes erect, who on all-fours were beſt,
Such, who ne'er ſaw the porch of reaſon's ſchool;
Contempt's the beſt correction for a fool.—

FABLE LIV.

The GENTLEMAN *and* CHAIRMAKER.

THE bluſt'ring north no longer blew,
Again the plough-ſhare cut the ground,
The face and garb of nature new,
Smil'd on the jocund world around.

When from her moorings in the *Thames*,
A lofty ſhip for *India* ſail'd,
With ſoldiers, clerks and ſingle dames,
O'er whom the hopes of wealth prevail'd;

With many of ſuperior kind,
Who wond'rous rich in eaſtern ſtore,
Dar'd brave the force of wave and wind,
And quit their milder native ſhore—

In

In queſt among truſtees to make,
Who at ſuch diſtance might encroach;
Theſe things have been, men may miſtake,
And ſlip into a maſter's coach.

Mechanics too of ev'ry ſort,
Aſſiſted to compoſe the freight;
Men of the hall, the pulpit, court,
Each certain to encreaſe his ſtate.

But fortune, who delights to mock
The beſt concerted ſchemes of men,
Daſh'd the proud hulk upon a rock,
So faſt ſhe cou'd not ware again.

'Twas dead of night, the light'nings flaſh,
The awful thunder's dreaded roars,
Th' inceſſant rain, th' impetuous daſh
Of billows 'gainſt reſounding ſhores;

Each added to the dreary ſcene;
In vain their guns diſtreſs proclaim;
So loud the diſmal hurricane,
They'd not been heard had veſſels came.

At length inexorable fate,
Deſpight of vows, and tears, and pray'rs,
Reſign'd the ſhip to *Neptune*'s ſtate,
And eas'd them from a world of cares.

All

All, except two, were total loſt,
And thoſe on planks eſcap'd to land;
'Twas *Madagaſcar*'s barb'rous coaſt,
The natives blacken'd all the ſtrand.

They view'd the ſtrangers o'er and o'er,
Turn'd them and twiſted as they choſe,
By ſigns demanded whence their ſhore,
And whether they were friends or foes.

To theſe, they made them underſtand,
That Chriſtians to the world were friends,
That they arriv'd from diſtant land,
To exerciſe commercial ends.

The negroes teſtify'd ſurprize;
And next demand what arts they knew;
A *Merchant* one—with down caſt eyes,
Reſponſeleſs ſtood—cou'd nothing do.——

At this enrag'd, a chief prepar'd
A lance to ſtrike him thro' the heart;
T'other—(a *Chairmaker*,) was ſcar'd,
And reconnoit'ring ev'ry part,

Upon a riv'let's verdant ſide,
Beneath the ſlope-deſcending hill,
A bed of ruſhes he eſpy'd,
Which on the inſtant prov'd his ſkill.

With

With theſe he wove a dainty crown,
Preſented it upon his knees;
Th' enraptur'd crew his merits own,
And forthwith on the couple ſeize:

With negro honours deck them ſtrait,
Remove them to king *Bawbaw*'s court,
Supply their wants, and round them wait,
And crowds to homage them reſort.

The CHAIRMAKER, by diff'rent ways,
Each day their ſtronger friendſhip bought,
On him they laviſh ſongs of praiſe;
The GENTLEMAN was ſet at nought!

APPLICATION.

Let thoſe who baſk in plenty's ſmiles, beware,
Spots leaſt ſuſpected oft conceal a ſnare;
On induſtry but ſeldom fortune lowers,
Conſcious 'tis proof againſt her gewgaw pow'rs;
At handycrafts no rank ſhou'd be diſmay'd;
Train up the youth you'd wiſh to ſerve, in trade,
It may avail; but never can degrade.

FABLE

FABLE LV.

The PEACOCK *and* NIGHTINGALE.

WHEN firſt the univerſe was fram'd,
At great Jehovah's dread command,
And ev'ry living creature nam'd
That lives by air, or ſea, or land;

The *Peacock* ſpread his gaudy train,
And glory'd in his azure neck;
So pert, ſo inſolent and vain,
As tho' the globe were at his beck.——

The creatures ſtood in awe a while,
Admiring at the *haughty fowl*;
Such mute regard, (it makes me ſmile)
Have I ſeen paid the rev'rend cowl,

Until the pedant prieſt began,
By ſpeech and principles abſurd,
To prove he knew nor God, nor man,
A ſtranger both to work, and word.——

Then

Then ſunk reſpect, contempt uproſe;
And ſuch will always be the caſe,
When inſignificants propoſe
Preſumption's rock, for merit's baſe.

The *Peacock*, having ſwept around,
Three times, like ſtiff-rumpt opera dame,
T'exhibit length of tail profound,
And by a ſhew excite a flame.

Full in the face of midday ſun,
Mounted on verdant hillock ſtood;
A nod the general ſilence won;
"Inhabitants of air and wood,

Said he, behold this glorious ſight,
Theſe gilt and variegated plumes,
Among this group what bird ſo bright,
Or which my excellence aſſumes?

Which can pretend to half the wit,
That animates the *Peacock's* breaſt?
I claim the crown; and who ſo fit,
Among the birds, to rule the reſt?"

The heads that expectation rear'd,
Some eloquent harangue to note,
At ſuch vile empty pride were ſcar'd,
Join'd to his hideous ſcreaming throat.

They

They droop'd—a juſt reſentment ſprang,
In ev'ry breaſt at ſuch a king;
Contemptuous ſneers, and clamours rang,
Againſt the oaf!—th' unmeaning thing!

Some few profeſs'd to be his friends,
As ſenſeleſs boobies as himſelf,
Or ſuch, who for ſome dirty ends,
Wou'd forfeit fame, like human elf.——

Diveſted of elective ſhare,
A *Nightingale* ſupply'd his place,
One of ſmalleſt of the air,
But ſweeteſt of the tuneful race.

" Not for myſelf, (he warbled forth)
Not on my own account I claim;
A candidate of real worth,
Vouchſafe, ye birds, to hear me name!

The noble *Eagle* can defend
Your preſent ſtock, augment your rights,
Hath wiſdom fit for public friend,
In juſtice, and in truth delights.——

He to no low connection leans,
But greatly prudent ſtands alone;
In peace and war's alternate ſcenes,
Moſt proper to ſupport the throne.——

On measures right, with freedom join'd,
His open, gen'rous bosom doats;
King, sire, and friend, in him you'll find;
Most humbly I request your votes."—

Delighted with the modest song,
The crown was on the *Eagle* plac'd;
With duty all around him throng——
The *Peacock* skulk'd away, disgrac'd.

APPLICATION.

Whatever virtues grace the human breast,
If pride *predominates, th' enormous pest,*
Saps and destroys them all—So richest fruit,
Whose coat unblemish'd seems to hold dispute
With sun and wind, and dares them to decay,
Falls to the latent worm an envy'd prey.——
Whate'er thy rank, O man! be pride *thy shame,*
Nor with conceit *thy own productions name;*
Puffs *may touch* pence, *but seldom reach to* fame.

FABLE

FABLE LVI.

The raſh ŒCONOMISTS.

ROGER and *Joan*, a ſimple twain,
As ever threſh'd or ever ſpun,
Liv'd healthy, chearful, free from pain,
Till indiſcretion caus'd them one.——

No family except the two
And *Captain*, (faithful houſe-dog he)
Who kept in terror thieviſh crew,
And ſafe preſerv'd their property.—

What will not avarice ſuggeſt,
That damn'd deſtructive worſt of things?
Juſtice from judges will it reſt,
Corrupt and taint the hearts of kings.

On all degrees of men it preys,
From fineſt beau to coarſeſt clod;
The counſellor its cauſe obeys,
The biſhop owns it for his God.

But biſhop, counſellor, nor king,
On earth can hope for aye to dwell;
And birds of paradiſe do ſing
For miſers of a place call'd Hell.—

As *John* and *Joan*, one winter's night,
About the clear peat-fire were ſat,
Diſcourſing of their worldly plight,
Their geeſe and ducks, and this, and that

Quoth *Roger*, "*Joan*, altho' not poor,
'Tis time that we ſhou'd mind and ſave;
'Twere hard to wander at fourſcore,
And lack, perhaps a decent grave:

There's many an article, my wench,
Which you and I could think of ſtrait;
In each of which we might retrench,
And firſt—there's *Captain* at the gate.

No week goes over *Captain*'s head,
We do not threepence ſpend, or more,
In offals, 'ſides ſtale cruſts of bread,
With raſpings, bones, and ſcraps good ſtore.

Collars and chains, no trifling coſt,
Within the limits of the year;
Brooms often bought, as often loſt,
To keep his kennel ſweet and clear.

Straw

Straw now is dear, yet many a truſs,
We buy to lodge him ſoft and ſweet;
And after all this mighty fuſs,
The creature doth not earn his meat.

To guard from thieves was meant his uſe,
But as ſuch here were never ſeen,
'Tis of our purſe a vile abuſe;
And to get rid of the chagrin,

Captain ſhall hang—*Dame*, what d'ye ſay?"——
" Content, content, the *Wife* reply'd;
My ſnap can bark—the following day,
The guardian of the cottage dy'd.——

Scarce in the earth his carcaſe laid,
When ſome, of principles unſound,
(The cauſe remov'd) no more afraid,
Broke in, and bore off all they found.

APPLICATION.

Thus miſled rulers oft are ſerv'd by fate,
When they diſmiſs the ſage, the brave, and great,
From long experienc'd offices of weight;

To fix imprudent favors on a pack,
Who ev'ry grace, and ev'ry virtue lack:
Such slights on men of worth, when full repaid,
The suff'rers justly *all mankind upbraid.*

FABLE LVII.

The VULTURE, HAWK, *and* COUNTRYMAN.

ON a rough promontory's height,
That overpeer'd the roaring sea,
A *Vulture* lodg'd, and frequent freight
Bore off, with fell rapacious glee.

One moment bleeds the harmless Sheep,
Anon the Goat less pity'd falls;
Pigs, Geese, Fowls, Turkeys join to keep,
A maw that still insatiate calls.

Once

Once on a time he made a hoard,
Reſolv'd at home a while to ſtay;
With fleſh full plenty was it ſtor'd,
And there he dwelt both night and day.

A *Goſs-hawk* intimation got,
Of all his fine delicious chear;
By tale, or ſcent, it matters not;
And much he long'd t'obtain a ſhare.

At force he knew he muſt not aim;
Concluded therefore upon art;
Reſolv'd to play a courtier's game,
And top the hypocritic part.

Away he to the *Vulture* flew—
"Excuſe me, Sir, that I'm ſo free
I call'd to aſk you how you do;
We us'd each other oft to ſee.

I have not been ſo bleſt of late,
And therefore dreaded all not right;
High is your rank in feather'd ſtate,
And fav'rites are the butts of ſpite.

Now, ſince I find your health is good,
And ſee your countenance ſo gay,
I'll hie me to the neighb'ring wood;
'Tis more than time I was away."—

" Nay, said the *Vulture*, stop my friend;
In fair respect I'm ne'er behind;
We must some time together spend,
I dare to say you have not din'd—

Of lamb, behold as fine a bit,
As e'er you tasted in your days;
Fowls, Capons, Pigions, Goslings, fit
For Eagle's beak on holidays.—

Hence with all ceremony pray,
A hearty welcome crowns your meal;
And wou'd you call here ev'ry day,
The greater pleasure shou'd I feel."——

It is but seldom *Hawks* can get
To entertainment like of that;
A frog or mouse, his daintiest meat;
A new-hatch'd chicken, or a rat.

After of thirty miles a chace,
No sportsman keener fill'd his paunch;
Nor priest e'er dealt with better grace
On turbot, dorey, or a haunch.

When long he'd guttled as he cou'd,
He from his host some secrets drew;
Then took his leave, but scap'd the wood,
And to a neighb'ring *Peasant* flew.

Him

Him found he buſy'd in his yard,
And thus th' incendiary began——
"Altho' oft times you uſe us hard,
Behold I come a friend to man.

Know then, one lives not far from hence,
Whoſe bloody rapine, rage, and ſpite,
In one day doth you more offence,
Than in a year a hawk or kite,

For trifling biddy now and then,
(As I confeſs we're ſomewhat looſe)
He'll ſnatch a full-grown cock or hen,
With lamb, kid, capon, turkey, gooſe,

You can't conceive, without the ſight,
What fleſhly treaſures he's amaſs'd;
He robs the country day and night;
I've often ſeen and heard what paſt.

This morn I dogg'd the villain home,
A goſs-chick in his claws he bore;
Invited—I partook of ſome,
In order to ſurvey his ſtore.

I'll ſtrait conduct you to the place,
And in reward no more requeſt,
Than friendly ſtill to find your face,
And of his larder be poſſeſs'd."——

"Done,

" Done, cry'd the *Peaſant*—that thou ſhalt,
And evermore thy friend I'll be;
I'll get my gun, my pouch and belt,
And forthwith ſpeed away with thee."——

Onward they travell'd to the ſpot——
At friendſhip's lure, without a dread,
Out wheel'd the *Vulture*, when a ſhot
Took fatal place—he tumbled dead.——

Familiar from his ſervice grown,
The *Hawk* obeys the *Peaſant*'s beck;
Who ſtroking him, cry'd " take thy own,
Perfidious BIRD!"—and wrung his *neck*.

APPLICATION.

Informers, *great or ſmall, where'er they are,*
Villains profeſt, to gain a paltry ſhare
Of ſome unjuſtly forfeited eſtate,
Swell faults to ſins, and where there's none, create;
Souls long accuſtom'd to black dirty fees,
Swear this way, that—which, when, and how you pleaſe:
Bribe them but high when blood is to be ſpilt,
However innocent, they'll prove the guilt.——

A

A double daub procures a new belief;
'Tis as the purſe is drawn, and not the brief.
What place is ſacred 'gainſt a perj'rer's tongue,
What neighb'rhood ſafe the ſcoundrel dwells among?
'Tis virtue's comfort that he can't laſt long;
Unpuniſh'd crimes ſhall prompt him to purſue,
Till Pillory, Tyburn, Hell receive their due.

FABLE LVIII.

The TWO MANDARINS.

SOME ages ſince, two MANDARINS
In *Canton*'s famous city dwelt;
Of equal ages, equal means;
Immenſely rich; and thus they dealt.——

The one, ſuperbly liv'd, and gay;
All entertain'd with coſtly fare;
Strangers and friends alike each day,
Nor foreigners deny'd a ſhare.——

Each morn, with ſplendor forth he rode,
Slaves on each ſide with treaſure ran,
And cry'd aloud his gen'rous mode
To ſatisfy each craving man.

Thus,

Thus, with great fame, in little ſpace,
Himſelf wex'd indigent and poor;
Too frequently the hapleſs caſe
Of thoſe who keep an open door.

The other, much more circumſpect,
Liv'd mod'rately, enjoy'd content;
So wore a pleaſant face erect,
And trebly gain'd whate'er he ſpent.

Soon as his friend's misfortunes reach'd
His truly charitable ear,
The hand of goodneſs forth was ſtretch'd,
With a benevolence ſincere.

The offer of his houſe he made,
His table—all within his pow'r;
Nor t'other to receive delay'd,
The favors of his lucky hour——

Full frequent did the *gueſt* complain,
In bitter and deſpairing ſenſe,
His charity beſtow'd in vain,
As if deceiv'd by providence;

That, as he'd read, had often told,
Thoſe, who the ſons of mis'ry ſerv'd,
Shou'd be repaid an hundred fold;
Whereas, but for a chance—he'd ſtarv'd.

" You, ſaid he to his *hoſt*, began
With wealth inferior much to mine;
Yet give, and live—ſay—thriving man,
Whence your increaſe, and my decline?"

To this, his *patron* mild, reply'd;
" 'Tis true, I live, and free, and well;
Am happy—for—I'm ſatisfy'd;
But in no guiſe my rank excell——

I entertain no trencher friends,
No idle, chatt'ring coxcombs pert;
Who wou'd but uſe me for their ends,
And, care not after how they hurt.

I ſearch not ſtrollers to relieve,
But worthy houſekeepers, aſham'd
To make complaints, to ſuch I give;
And judge me, am I to be blam'd?——

Widows who once in affluence were,
Now forc'd to toil for ſcanty bread;
Orphans for whom none elſe have care;
With thoſe who moan on ſickneſs' bed.

I triumph o'er no neighbour's harm,
But all I can from ruin ſave;
With joy deſpairing thoughts I charm,
And chear the heart of priſon'd ſlave.

To

To me the maker of mankind,
Behaves not as you late have told;
Around you look, and ſoon you'll find
That I receive an hundred fold.——

The diff'rence 'twixt our manners, this;
You gave the poor to vaunt yourſelf;
For their own ſakes I heap the bliſs,
Heav'n frowns on oſtentation's pelf.

The half of my poſſeſſion's thine;
Together let's true worth ſupport;
Had we the wealth of richeſt mine,
It were the beſt employment for't."

APPLICATION.

Say ſons of riot, in your giddy round,
Seeking for joys, where never joy was found—
Which of your pleaſures fly without a ſting?——
Methinks, I hear friend TOMKINS' *bar-bell ring!*
The glaſs is puſh'd; and now ye boaſt the art
That ſtole the maid, and broke the parent's heart.
Still as ye warm, in honour nicer grown,
Lyes that were ſworn to yeſterday, diſown;
Than wrangle, fight, lay bets, kick waiters too;
And all theſe wond'rous acts might Buckhorſe *do.*
But men of rank and fortune, put in truſt
By that high pow'r, omnipotent and juſt,

(*Who*

(Who reads our thoughts) themſelves ſhou'd nobly uſe,
Nor to the poor the lib'ral hand refuſe;
Bid av'rice, vanity and pride retire,
And, warm'd by charity's benignant fire,
To nobler views, than earth beſtows, aſpire:
Such men I'd chuſe to ornament my verſe,
And as truth dictates, gladly I'll rehearſe.

FABLE LIX.

The DESPAIRING FARMER.

IN *Cambria*'s yet unconquer'd land,
Who hath not heard of *Clwyd*'s vale?
Where plenty ſows with lib'ral hand,
And *Ceres*' crops do never fail.

The Muſes, and the Graces there,
Venus and all the loves reſide,
And laughing pleaſures all the year,
Doth melancholly's train deride.

Diſtant from thence, three miles or ſo,
A *Farmer*—EVAN EVANS, dwelt;
On whom ſo faſt did riches flow,
None ever fortune kinder felt.

His

His grain produc'd an hundred fold,
The downs were cover'd with his ſheep,
His cattle beſt at market ſold,
His meals were hearty, ſound his ſleep.

Uninterrupted ſtate of health
Attended him, and bleſt his days;
His each projection turn'd to wealth,
And happineſs crown'd all his ways.

At length, it Providence ſo pleas'd
To put a limit to his bliſs;
His wife and children fell diſeas'd,
And ev'ry meaſure went amiſs.

His corn was blighted in the ear,
His cattle of the murrain dy'd;
His payments fail'd, the world look'd queer,
None left in whom he cou'd confide.

He ſtruggl'd, ſweated, toil'd in vain;
In ſad deſpondency he pin'd;
Not humbly did to heav'n complain,
But tax'd its juſtice in his mind.

One night as with reſt-lacking head,
And heart in ſorrow ſteep'd he lay;
A radiant *form* approach'd his bed,
Refulgent as the God of day.

" Son of deſpair, it cry'd, ariſe,
Unjuſtly haſt thou blam'd a fate
That works unſeen by mortal eyes;
Its turns they ſhou'd with patience wait.

Attend my ſteps"—The *phantom* paſt;
Poor EVANS tim'rouſly purſu'd
Through various grounds, until at laſt,
They came to ruins wild, and rude:

The caſtle once of valiant prince,
A chief of fam'd *Llewellin*'s race,
Which time hath doom'd for ages ſince,
To owls and bats a dwelling-place.

There ent'ring, thus reſum'd the *ſprite*—
" The ivy, that o'ergrows this ſpot,
Remove you with the morning's light,
Then dig five feet, and find your lot—

A treaſure that hath there remain'd,
Since the firſt tyrant *Edward*'s days,
Whoſe fatal ſword our lands diſtain'd,
And ſet our peaceful cots o'blaze.——

Thou only of my hapleſs race,
On earth exiſts; by right 'tis thine:
Farewel!—wear hence a ſmiling face,
Nor more at providence repine."

APPLICATION.

Fie on the heart that ſinks misfortunes prey;
Since vapours that envelop us to day,
Oft with the morrow's breeze are puff'd away.
Firmneſs of ſoul's th' impenetrable ſhield,
That kings and commoners alike ſhould weild,
Superior riſe to ev'ry pungent blow,
And ſmiling ſay,—"'tis right *it ſhou'd be ſo."*
When fortune laughs, 'tis nothing to be great;
But when ſhe low'rs, to dare her utmoſt hate,
Such man, on throne, in exile, peer, or clod,
Is the beſt image of a perfect God.

FABLE LX.

The TUTOR *and* THRUSH.

THE ſun his fiercer beams had ſpent,
And to the weſtward now declin'd;
The reapers ſteps were homeward bent;
The gleaners only left behind.
The ſky-larks thrill'd their lateſt lays;
The wood-queſts to their groves retire;
To hive the bees purſu'd their ways:
Forth walk'd the *Tutor* and the *Squire.*

" Here

" Here (quoth the former) Sir, behold
Nature's ſerenity of dreſs;
Thoſe bluſhing clouds ſee ting'd with gold,
What painter's pencil can expreſs?

Much leſs, yon great refulgent power,
That uncontroul'd the world wou'd fright;
Matter with rage intenſe devour,
But for the great good God of might.

Th' unfathomable all in all,
Who ſets, ſun, moon, and ſea their taſks;
Form'd with a breath this earthly ball,
And man provides with all he aſks——

All that he aſks, and ten times more;
A goodneſs far beyond his ſenſe;
Deals freely from exhauſtleſs ſtore
Of mercy and munificence.——

The beaſts, in reaſon's rules untaught,
Birds, fiſhes, inſects, ſomewhat know,
With providential inſtinct fraught,
Careſs the friend, deſtroy the foe!

They play, they fight, they part, they pair;
They ſeek their proper climes and food;
Their young they guard with tend'reſt care;
When fit to live, deſert the brood.

Eaſy to quote of vouchers ſtore,
From truth's undoubted page, to prove
How much they owe to inſtinct's pow'r,
That under man inferior move.

But what weighs inſtinct 'gainſt the ſenſe
Of him, their univerſal Lord?
Whoſe aborigine pretence
O'er creatures, was Jehovah's word.

Hence ſtore of rich advantage we
From reaſon's clear ſenſations find,
Union of ſweet ſociety,
Unknown, except to humankind."——

—" Stop there, good Sir, reply'd a *Thruſh*,
You lead your pupil wond'rous wide;
Late I've regain'd my native buſh,
From mens abodes of filth and pride.

I grant your right to reaſon's claim,
A gift will rather ſink than ſave;
Since four in five do to their ſhame,
Treat him ungratefully that gave.

In what conſiſts your ſocial boaſt,
Your cities, towns incorporate,
Where faith and truth, and dues were loſt,
But for the awe of magiſtrate!

For were not ſuch to keep the peace,
By law's inviolable ſway,
Wrongs, quarrels, jars ſhould never ceaſe,
But neighbour ſtill on neighbour prey.

Worſe than the ſavages of woods,
Each man his fellow man wou'd tear;
Deſpoil of houſe, eſtate and goods,
Be lion, tyger, leopard, bear.

The ties of parents, marriage, friends,
Ye all connections daily break;
Or wherefore elſe, I pray, the ends,
Of pillory, tyburn, ax or ſtake?

The fear of theſe 'tis keeps you good,
Juſt, faithful, honeſt, loyal, true;
Ye'd all be wicked as ye cou'd,
But that ye dread the purchas'd due.

Brutes have been juſt without conſtraint;
Have blameleſs liv'd to all they knew;
The Fox an angel—Wolf, a ſaint,
Confronted, cruel man, with *you*."

APPLICATION.

Heart-felt conviction with the Thruſh *muſt ſide,*
If we conſider fairly of the plea;
What uſe is reaſon of, when paltry pride
Surmounts all honour, to ſecure the fee?

If brethren, brethren perſecute to death,
To humour minions trample on the laws;
Seek after blood with falſe and perjur'd breath,
And 'gainſt the innocent adjudge the cauſe.

Woe to ſuch men who dare their reaſon boaſt,
A heavier condemnation ſhall they find
Than ideots, from their birth to reaſon loſt,
Refrain in time, ye dregs of humankind.

FABLE LXI.

The LION, PANTHER, STAG, LYNX, *and* ELEPHANT.

TO feats of arms, and battles bred,
A *Lion* grac'd the ſylvan throne;
Whom fame in youth to conqueſts led,
As great and brave as e'er were known.

But many years had roll'd away,
Since time his youthful heat reſtrain'd,
Awful reflection claim'd its day,
And bleſt the realms o'er which he reign'd.

Yet brutes there were, as ſome will be,
Howe'er benevolent the ſtate,
Who, envious of the general glee,
Feuds, ſtrifes, and quarrels muſt create.

A reſtleſs, vile, ungrateful pack,
A half-ſtarv'd, ſlaviſh, ſavage crew;
Who growl'd in truth, "they'd nothing lack,
Whilſt plenty round uſurpers grew."

For ſo they vilely term'd a race,
Who, both by right and reaſon ſway'd,
O'er brutes, that with elective grace,
Had ſought their pow'rful timely aid.

Fluſh'd with the hope of plunder'd ſtores,
Uprous'd the howling mangy breed;
And from their bleak and barren ſhores,
The wild rebellious rout proceed,

To lands more fertile, rich and fair,
The peaſants fly their dreaded ſight;
And now they ravage, ſpoil and tear,
Firſt ſate their hunger, then their ſpite.

Soon as the mountain monarch found
The factious herd was marching on,
The Fox was ſent to foreign ground,
To haſten home his *valiant ſon.*

Mean while, to ſtop their raſh career,
Of gen'rals he diſpatch'd a pair;
Who both were beaten, or thro' fear,
Or want of ſkill, or want of care.

Theſe accidents be as they might,
The wolfiſh pride was highly ſwell'd;
And now, aſſur'd their cauſe was right,
The general camp in tranſport yell'd.

But ſoon with gen'rous vengeance came,
The *warlike ſon* of warlike ſire,
And indignation's mighty flame,
Flaſh'd from his eye, portentous fire.

Panting at once with treble thirſt,
Of duty, glory, public good,
His fury like a torrent burſt,
And drench'd the hoſtile field with blood.

The late vain victors flew like ſheep,
Full glad to leave their ſpoils behind,
Young *Leo*, neither food or ſleep,
Cou'd bribe to ſtay, but like the wind,

Swift he purſu'd o'er heaps of dead,
The ragged remnants that remain'd;
To barren highlands where they bred,
To famine and to rapine train'd.

Some few eſcap'd to dreary holes,
Where ſun was never yet a gueſt,
There mourn'd with unavailing howls,
The proſpect loſt they late poſſeſt.

Beſide the many miſcreants kill'd,
Prince *Leo* ſtore of pris'ners took,
And thoſe the royal conqueror will'd,
Shou'd pendant ſwing athwart a hook.

Early to curb rebellion's growth,
And from thoſe juſt examples ſhewn,
On beggars prompt by pride and ſloth,
He ſav'd a parent's tottering throne.

The beaſts made happy, gay and free,
Who long had mourn'd inteſtine jars;
And then, in cauſe of liberty,
Return'd to finiſh foreign wars.——

But greatly wanting freſh ſupplies,
He did not there ſo well ſucceed;
Had nearly fall'n a ſacrifice,
But honour ſav'd him at his need.

With brav'ry unimpeach'd he came
Again to his paternal wood;
The *Panther* next, of noble fame,
Was ſent to cloſe the ſcene of blood.

With proweſs he maintain'd the fight,
In council and in arms alike;
His prudent conduct ſtrictly right,
And home, and fatal did he ſtrike.——

With

With victory return'd elate,
Fame uſher'd home his conqu'ring bands;
His welcome from a den ingrate,
Diſmiſſion was from all commands.

Not for his martial conduct blam'd,
In that none known which cou'd ſurpaſs;
For unmaſk'd honeſty diſclaim'd,
That wou'd not idolize an *Aſs*——

An *Aſs*, whoſe dulneſs paſt for ſenſe,
And ſo engroſs'd the *Lion*'s ear;
All public matters gave offence,
That he did not approve and ſteer.

Hence, brutal murmurs firſt were heard,
Then wrongs (in vain) were heard aloud;
In *Lion* ſafe, the minion ſneer'd,
And bray'd contempt on all the crowd.

In liberty's determin'd cauſe,
The lordly *Stag* had often ſpoke;
Nor cou'd he bear the foreſt laws,
Shou'd daily be infring'd and broke.

This brought the hounds of courtly den,
To watch his haunts by night and day;
He ſeem'd to fly, but turn'd again,
For freedom nobly ſtood at bay.——

The *Lynx* had penetrated deep
Through all the quadrupedian ſchemes,
Nor wou'd a moment longer keep,
Where truth and faith were empty dreams.

The *Lion* ſagely he advis'd,
Who, now no more his councils took;
All adulation he deſpis'd,
So honeſtly the den forſook.

To his own private cave retir'd,
There dwelt he honour'd and belov'd;
For firm integrity admir'd,
By all but creeping tools approv'd.

The animated foreſt, all,
From higheſt e'en to loweſt claſs,
Arouſe at freedom's gen'rous call,
To hoot at, and abhor the *Aſs*.

The *Elephant*, ſagacious brute,
And lover of his country's cauſe,
Was cloſely fixt on to diſpute
The woeful breach of wood-land laws.

On his opinion all rely'd,
'Gainſt public foe he war declar'd,
Then join'd th' experienc'd *Lynx's* ſide,
And happy rural greatneſs ſhar'd.

But

But rules ſo wiſe, ſo good, ſo pure,
So much by all the beaſts obey'd,
Cou'd not be ſunk in life obſcure;
They begg'd, inſiſted on his aid.

To brutes judicial honours rais'd,
He ſhone in that exalted claſs;
His keenneſs, freedom's foes amaz'd,
And triumph'd o'er the venal *Aſs*.

APPLICATION.

Ye happy Britons, *bleſt with wholeſome laws,*
With fertile lands, and plenty's ſmiling train,
The ſons of freedom, whilſt ye prop her cauſe,
Do not the inſtinct of the brutes diſdain.——

From them be taught your int'reſt to diſcern,
Be brave, be loyal, gen'rous, juſt and wiſe,
Early this maxim let your offspring learn,
They can't be ſlaves, till Magna Charta *dies.*

O hold it for them with your tend'reſt care,
Curs'd be the villain, who againſt it ſtrives;
Let each regard himſelf its proper heir,
Th' eſtate's entail'd—defend it with your lives.

6 MA 50

FINIS.

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